THE DEPTH RELEASE OF THE

# SATURDAY

# REVIEW

OF

# POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND FINANCE.

No. 3279 Vol. 125.

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31 August, 1918.

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### CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK		The Luxury Duty	796
WAR NOTES	787	Arts and Crafts The Obsession of Pic-	796
LEADING ARTICLES :-		tures	797
Strikes and More		" Little Victims "	797
Strikes	788	About India	797
The Old Soldier	789	Waste Paper	798
Some Essentials in		London Statues	798
Modern American		The Haves and the	
Poetry	790	Have-nots	796
If Rabelais were here	791	Trust the "Middle-	
AND THE PARTY OF T	100	man "	798
SONNET :-		Maladministration	799
The March of Man	792	CITATION OF THE STATE OF THE	
Commence	109	Reviews :-	0
CORRESPONDENCE:— The General Election	700	Indian Archæology	799
	792	Devon and Travel Lore	800
The Paradise of	man	A Hawarden Hero	800
Socialism	792	In Aid of France	801
Lord Derby and State	mon	Paris	801
Railways	793	Economics without	
Democracy and the	702	Tears	802
Colour Bar	793 793	French History	802
Montenegro	798	Snapshots of the Soul	803
Germany's African	MOA	Inconclusive	803
Colonies	794	Our Library Table	803
Decimal Coinage	795	Latest Publications	804
Russian-Speaking Offi-	mar	Fancier .	
cers	795	FINANCE:	005
Peace Offensives	795	The City Motor Notes	805
A League of Nations?	796	MOTOF NOTES	806

"O YET a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And publick faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of publick fraud."

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We publish in our correspondence columns a letter from Sir John Rolleston on the question of a General Election. As member for Leicester and afterwards for Hertfordshire (from which he was induced to retire by a wretched wire-puller's intrigue resulting in the return of Mr. Billing), Sir John Rolleston has a varied political experience, to which he adds the sound judgment of a cultivated man of business. It is, therefore, with regret that we find ourselves unable to endorse his views on a general election, or, to put it more correctly, we cannot follow his argument. Sir John declares that "the country, as a whole, is in perfect sympathy with the Prime Minister, and with his 'win-the-war' policy." We think so, too; but that seems to us a reason for, not against, an election.

Sir John Rolleston is afraid that a General Election will disturb what he rightly calls "a satisfactory position." Why should it, or how can it, if the country, as a whole (the words are Sir John's), is in perfect sympathy with the Premier? Don't let us be awed from lae career of our humour by nick-names, those "paperbullets" of the army of journalists. The country is khaki, furiously khaki; and the election will be khaki, furiously khaki; and the election will be khaki, furiously khaki, as it should be if it is to reflect the aational mind. We, like Sir John, are nervous about the result of the first appeal to a new electorate of twenty or twenty-four million men, women, and boys. But we think that such an election is likely to produce less disturbing results if held under the steadying influence of a great war than if taken when the need for national unity is removed, and when the pent-up forces of greed, discontent, and class jealousy are ready to burst forth.

Let the first election under the new register (to all people who think about their experience it presents itself as a terrifying experiment), be taken when the majority, and the best of the nation, are of one mind, and set on a really great object. Call it a trial trip, or a preliminary canter, or a rehearsal, or use whatever metaphor suits your fancy: but do not try the new constituencies too high. Let the Parliament chosen by the twenty million men, women, and boys, be instructed to finish the war and to do nothing else, and let it be dissolved after the peace. The new voters will at least have learned how and where to vote: they will have had an invaluable lesson on the difficulty of selecting the right candidate, and on the danger and folly of taking names thrust on them by newspapers and wirepullers. The experience gained by the election of one House of Commons, however, short-lived, will, in our opinion, be very useful to the new constituencies.

Professor Spenser Wilkinson, whose military articles in The Sunday Times are far the best in the weekly Press, administers rather a could douche to the enthusiasm excited by our recent successes on the Western front. He points out that the Entente line is exactly where it was at the end of 1914, though at that date the British forces did not exceed 350,000 men. To-day there are 7,000,000 Britons under arms, in different places, and 1,500,000 Americans. The result is, Mr. Wilkinson truly says, not exactly what the British people have a right to expect, and he ascribes it to the lack of generalship. In the old days of professional armies, the officers were restricted to men of birth or influence, and the privates were rabble, treated as slaves. The first citizen forces were the French Revolutionary armies which swept Europe. Professor Wilkinson tells us that Bonaparte chose his generals for their ability alone; and he more than hints that the present British Army has been mishandled by the old professional officers, while the clever men of the new school, drawn from all professions, have had no chance.

Athough we may be pretty much where we were in 1914, "we are getting on," both in the military and political sense, in relation to the Central Empires. We remember in the days of our youth there used to be a weather-toy, a two-doored cottage. When it was fine, an old man came out: when it was wet, an old woman appeared. The Germans seem to use this barometer. When the war-weather is fine, an old man comes out, Hindenburg, or Tirpitz, or Ludendorff, or even the Kaiser, and preaches to the world on the text of "Deutschland über Alles." When the war-weather is bad, an old woman appears, Hertling, or Hintze, or Solf, and discourses cooingly about peace and civilisation and humanity. The Colonial Minister, Dr. Solf, is shocked that anyone should have thought Germany meant to annex Belgium. On the contrary, Belgium shall arise from the war, free, independent, and rejuvenated, by Germany's aid, so she shall!

This is a very different tune from that sung by von Tirpitz, who always bluntly declared that Belgium was for Germany "the centre of gravity." Dr. von Muehlon was a director of Krupps, and, until he turned against his country, was in the confidence of the big financiers and the officials who dictated the articles in

the Press. He quotes a sentence from Der Tag, written by a General in 1914: "Belgium is and will remain German. Not because we want the few millions of Belgian rabble—No! They can emigrate—but because we require their land, their minerals, above all, their coast, their harbours, that we may have our knife at England's throat." He also relates a scheme unfolded by a very big financier to square France and Holland by dividing Belgium between them: Holland was to give up the mouth of the Scheldt to Germany, and to be compensated by Limburg. Dr. Solf's innocence won't wash.

As for the Brest-Litovsk and Roumanian treaties, how unjust to Germany to imagine that they were more than temporary measures of protection for border peoples, rightly struggling to be free! Germany is deeply interested in the self-determination of the Baltic provinces, and Kuehlmann's only object at Brest-Litovsk was to protect the poor Russians against the Bolshevist cut-throats (hired and inspired by the Wilhelmstrasse). It is, to be sure, only natural for Germany to regard treaties as temporary, and we are really glad to learn that the Russian and Roumanian treaties are to be torn up as lightly as the Belgian guarantee. But what cuts the sensitive Dr. Solf to the quick is the imputation of cruelty in dealing with the natives of the German Colonies, whom the German officials have always fondled as children, while he is really scandalised by the innuendo that Germany meant to use Africa as a reservoir of black troops. No: it is only France and England who use black soldiers.

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Diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain were difficult, not to say strained, at the beginning of the war, by reason of the blockade. The amiability and commonsense of Dr. Page kept down the temperature of the correspondence, and both nations are intebted to his tact. To call him "a great Ambassador," as The Times does, is merely an instance of the inflation of values by the modern Press. Pranklin, Adams, Hay, Choate, were great American Ambassadors: Dr. Page was a good one. But in days when every writer is "forceful," and every speaker "brilliant," (provided he agrees with the Northcliffe Press), perhaps it is captious to object to an adjective more or less, after all a mere foam-bell on the Mississippi of lies and absurdities that flows from Fleet Street.

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Lord Hugh Cecil has written a letter, "verbosa et grandis epistola," to the Dean of Christ Church on Lord Lansdowne's peace by negotiation. This is the only way a University member can address his electors, for he is forbidden by etiquette to hold a meeting in his constituency. Lord Hugh's point, which is made with much iteration, is that this is not a war for territory or to redress the balance of power, like other wars. It is a war to destroy an anti-social principle of wickedness, and Moloch must be humiliated in the sight of his votaries. Much the same sort of thing was said by Burke and Pitt about the war against Jacobinism, which lasted twenty years, and ended in the bathos of Louis XVIII. That the Kaiser and his Marshals will ever cry peccavimus, we do not believe: but the German people may do it for them.

Lord Hugh Cecil is right in saying that the existing Alliance between the United States and the European Entente is the only beginning of a League of Nations which is practicable in the present stage of the world's civilization. Whether the day of a super-national patriotism, "a shifting of the centre of human allegiance from nationality to something wider," will ever arrive, we do not know, and are not sure that we desire its advent. For if you take from a man his love of country what is there to divert him from the worship of sensuality, or superstition? One of the main causes of Rome's fall was the extension of the empire, which made it impossible for a citizen of Tarsus, let us say, to feel anything like the modern patriotism. The excesses of patriotism are so barbarous and repulsive that many men are driven into the dreamland of internationalism.

It is a platitude of history, embalmed in verse, that great events from little causes spring. It would not be surprising, we imagine, if the stoppage of pipes and cigars for the German army did more to end the war than Marshal Foch. For the Germans, as a nation, are heavier smokers than the English or the Americans; and a smoker's despondency or irritation, when deprived of his solace, is a formidable factor. The war will probably be ended by wholesale surrenders of smokeless Fritzes. It is curious that many statemen, who live at high pressure, disdain tobacco. Gladstone could not bear anyone to come near him who had been smoking. Lord Salisbury was persuaded by King Edward to try a cigarette, but it gave him a headache. Lord Beaconsfield, having with characteristic courage tackled a cigar, asked in his deepest tones if men ever smoked twice. On the other hand, Mssrs. Asquith, Churchill, Bonar Law and Lord Milner are all smokers.

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Napo Span amid Is I Knew Him for Fourteen Years,' as published in The Times, is curious reading. It leaves us with a doubt how far the German Emperor is the dupe of others, and how far a deliberate hypocrite. Take, for instance, the stories which he gushingly retailed to Mr. Davis about Belgians who mutilated German soldiers and gouged out their eyes. These lies may have been imposed upon him by the Higher Command as the argument for "frightfulness" at Louvain and elsewhere. But the Kaiser was quite himself when he harangued Mr. Davis on the "ingratitude" of the United States in declaring war after he had sent Prince Henry of Prussia to America. What superhuman conceit!

We have neither love nor respect for the Ministry of Reconstruction, which we regard as a congeries of mischievous and incompetent meddlers, who think they can teach the business and professional classes how to set their house in order after the war. On principle we distrust men whose business in life is other people's business. Dr. Addison and Mr. Sidney Webb are the leaders of this band of Paul Prys, who gloat with rancorous rapture over the sordid catalogue of their neighbours' distresses. They would do well to leave the bankers, and barristers, and engineers, and shiphuilders, and merchants, to manage their own affairs. We learn that our former editor, Mr. Harold Hodge, has embarked dans cette galère. All we can do is to congratulate the Ministry of Reconstruction on having enlisted at least one man whose sincerity of aim and disinterestedness are beyond dispute, and whose knowledge of the suffering classes has been acquired by personal service in their cause. Osi sic omnes!

"Keep the home fires burning" is an injunction London householders will have some difficulty in following next winter. It will be a case not so much of "darkness and composure" as of darkness and great coats. The Coal Control Office is quite frank. Even if the miners condescend to work full time, or anything like it, the difficulty of carrying fuel to London is almost insuperable. Forty per cent. of the colliers engaged in the business are being "employed elsewhere." Coal, therefore, has to be conveyed by rail, and the result is that the railways are blocked. Faced by a shortage, the Control Office decides that undertakings of public utility, such as gas works, must come first. The ordinary householder will be left to shiver and to be praised for his patriotism.

The Coal Control Office appeals for rigid economy much as the Food Controller did when voluntary rationing was in force. A more cogent form of argument will have to be employed, we suspect. Meanwhile epistolary citizens have descended on the department with 3,000 letters full of ideas and suggestions, and of them 400 are being considered by the wisdom of its administrators. We will add a four hundred and first, that the Control Office should turn a stern eye on the Inns of Court. Open grates are the rule in those sanctuaries. They are kept alight whether barristers are in their chambers or out of them, and most of the heat goes up the chimney. The Controller should send an underling to study atmospheric conditions from the roofs of Chancery Lane.

As we anticipated, unity of command is slow to arrive in Siberia. Colonel Tolstoff commands a volunteer force, organized by the Vladivostock Zemstvo, or Municipal Government, on behalf of the Siberian Republic, as we suppose it should be called. General Horvath, who acts with the Cadets, or Constitutional Liberals of Russia, deprives Colonel Tolstoff of his appointment and annexes his troops. The troops do not seem to mind. Then the Consuls intervene, and suggest that the Zemstvo should disarm and expel Hovarth. Can it do so? The Allies have to deal with an absolute lack of central authority throughout a huge continent. It is very like the brood of transitory Republics that sprang up at Cadiz, Seville, and elsewhere in the early days of the Spanish uprising against Napoleon. And yet, as the Emperor confessed, "the Spanish ulcer" ruined him. There is that consolation amidst chaos.

## WAR NOTES.

So accustomed have the public become to the conformation of the German front on the West, despite fluctuations, that it is at times forgotten that the right of the line, from the Oise to the sea is also a turned flank. It is that important fact, however, which has given point to the British attack. Beginning with an advance on the sector north of the Ancre, that movement was on the success of the initial stroke skilfully extended from Lihons, south of the Somme, to Fampaux, north of the Scarpe.

Both the security and fighting efficiency of the forces of General von Boehm depended upon the uninterrupted communications with the bases at Laon, St. Quintin, and Cambrai, and it may be inferred, looking at the mass of those forces, that all these communications were necessary. If, therefore, the direct routes to Laon and Cambrai were cut, not only would the supplies of these troops be limited and jeopardised, but their retreat, in case of necessity, endangered.

The first step was to cut the direct route to Laon, and it was accomplished by the operations of General Mangin, which the Germans proved unable to arrest. In its later stage this advance was materially assisted by the British attack north of the Ancre. The enemy had by his readjustments shown himself apprehensive regarding that part of his line, and presumably he had insured himself. When, however, the British assault drove forward as far as Achiet-le-Grand, it was plain that he had been taking risks.

Rapidly extended as it was, the British attack found him as a fact, unprepared, and under the necessity of scraping together troops from all quarters. While that was being done, one point of support after another was captured or turned, and the British Third and Fourth Armies accomplished within four days the remarkable feat not merely of seizing the positions of the old Somme battlefield, but of encircling Bapaume.

Since it was now of the last importance to the enemy that the route to Cambrai via Peronne should be kept open, it was certain that he would spare nothing to arrest the British manœuvre, and could the less afford to spare because, advancing astride the Somme, Australian troops had pushed within striking distance of Peronne. Though the British manœuvre was not held, the enemy forces engaged became more numerous, and the defence marked by increasing desperation. In the circumstances the British attack was launched astride the Scarpe, and the ridge of Monchy-le-Preux taken as well as the positions commanding Fampaux. The loss of the Monchy ridge weakened the enemy's line, and added to the difficulty of stablising it. In face of that difficulty the decision to withdraw von Boehm's forces

Up to this point the battle had had two results, both of consequence. The route to Cambrai from the southwest had been rendered unsafe, and the enemy had been obliged to engage yet another considerable mass of his forces, and engage them at a disadvantage. The first of these results added to the peril of von Boehm's army, the second, besides involving the enemy in heavy losses, made ducks and drakes of his projects for re-forming his front. Of the two results probably the second is the more momentous. For the enemy it represents a disaster in itself. The British attack, unexpected in magnitude, had tied the enemy stragetically into a knot, and there was no possible escape from the tangle save by bringing the British advance to a standstill in the first instance.

Public attention has been drawn chiefly to gains of ground, but the consequences of the initiative in throwing the enemy's dispositions into confusion and "playing" him as the Allied Command design, is of deeper import.

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We have neither love nor respect for the Ministry of Reconstruction, which we regard as a congeries of mischievous and incompetent meddlers, who think they can teach the business and professional classes how to set their house in order after the war. On principle we distrust men whose business in life is other people's business. Dr. Addison and Mr. Sidney Webb are the leaders of this band of Paul Prys, who gloat with rancorous rapture over the sordid catalogue of their neighbours' distresses. They would do well to leave the bankers, and barristers, and engineers, and shipbuilders, and merchants, to manage their own affairs. We learn that our former editor, Mr. Harold Hodge, has embarked dans cette galère. All we can do is to congratulate the Ministry of Reconstruction on having enlisted at least one man whose sincerity of aim and disinterestedness are beyond dispute, and whose knowledge of the suffering classes has been acquired by personal service in their cause. Osi sic omnes!

"Keep the home fires burning" is an injunction London householders will have some difficulty in following next winter. It will be a case not so much of "darkness and composure" as of darkness and great coats. The Coal Control Office is quite frank. Even if the miners condescend to work full time, or anything like it, the difficulty of carrying fuel to London is almost insuperable. Forty per cent. of the colliers engaged in the business are being "employed elsewhere." Coal, therefore, has to be conveyed by rail, and the result is that the railways are blocked. Faced by a shortage, the Control Office decides that undertakings of public utility, such as gas works, must come first. The ordinary householder will be left to shiver and to be praised for his patriotism.

The Coal Control Office appeals for rigid economy much as the Food Controller did when voluntary rationing was in force. A more cogent form of argument will have to be employed, we suspect. Meanwhile epistolary citizens have descended on the department with 3,000 letters full of ideas and suggestions, and of them 400 are being considered by the wisdom of its administrators. We will add a four hundred and first, that the Control Office should turn a stern eye on the Inns of Court. Open grates are the rule in those sanctuaries. They are kept alight whether barristers are in their chambers or out of them, and most of the heat goes up the chimney. The Controller should send an underling to study atmospheric conditions from the roofs of Chancery Lane.

As we anticipated, unity of command is slow to arrive in Siberia. Colonel Tolstoff commands a volunteer force, organized by the Vladivostock Zemstvo, or Municipal Government, on behalf of the Siberian Republic, as we suppose it should be called. General Horvath, who acts with the Cadets, or Constitutional Liberals of Russia, deprives Colonel Tolstoff of his appointment and annexes his troops. The troops do not seem to mind. Then the Consuls intervene, and suggest that the Zemstvo should disarm and expel Hovarth. Can it do so? The Allies have to deal with an absolute lack of central authority throughout a huge continent. It is very like the brood of transitory Republics that sprang up at Cadiz, Seville, and elsewhere in the early days of the Spanish uprising against Napoleon. And yet, as the Emperor confessed, "the Spanish ulcer" ruined him. There is that consolation amidst chaos.

## WAR NOTES.

So accustomed have the public become to the conformation of the German front on the West, despite fluctuations, that it is at times forgotten that the right of the line, from the Oise to the sea is also a turned flank. It is that important fact, however, which has given point to the British attack. Beginning with an advance on the sector north of the Ancre, that movement was on the success of the initial stroke skilfully extended from Lihons, south of the Somme, to Fampaux, north of the Scarpe.

Both the security and fighting efficiency of the forces of General von Boehm depended upon the uninterrupted communications with the bases at Laon, St. Quintin, and Cambrai, and it may be inferred, looking at the mass of those forces, that all these communications were necessary. If, therefore, the direct routes to Laon and Cambrai were cut, not only would the supplies of these troops be limited and jeopardised, but their retreat, in case of necessity, endangered.

The first step was to cut the direct route to Laon, and it was accomplished by the operations of General Mangin, which the Germans proved unable to arrest. In its later stage this advance was materially assisted by the British attack north of the Ancre. The enemy had by his readjustments shown himself apprehensive regarding that part of his line, and presumably he had insured himself. When, however, the British assault drove forward as far as Achiet-le-Grand, it was plain that he had been taking risks.

Rapidly extended as it was, the British attack found him as a fact, unprepared, and under the necessity of scraping together troops from all quarters. While that was being done, one point of support after another was captured or turned, and the British Third and Fourth Armies accomplished within four days the remarkable feat not merely of seizing the positions of the old Somme battlefield, but of encircling Bapaume.

Since it was now of the last importance to the enemy that the route to Cambrai via Peronne should be kept open, it was certain that he would spare nothing to arrest the British manœuvre, and could the less afford to spare because, advancing astride the Somme, Australian troops had pushed within striking distance of Peronne. Though the British manœuvre was not held, the enemy forces engaged became more numerous, and the defence marked by increasing desperation. In the circumstances the British attack was launched astride the Scarpe, and the ridge of Monchy-le-Preux taken as well as the positions commanding Fampaux. The loss of the Monchy ridge weakened the enemy's line, and added to the difficulty of stablising it. In face of that difficulty the decision to withdraw von Boehm's forces was taken.

Up to this point the battle had had two results, both of consequence. The route to Cambrai from the southwest had been rendered unsafe, and the enemy had been obliged to engage yet another considerable mass of his forces, and engage them at a disadvantage. The first of these results added to the peril of von Boehm's army, the second, besides involving the enemy in heavy losses, made ducks and drakes of his projects for re-forming his front. Of the two results probably the second is the more momentous. For the enemy it represents a disaster in itself. The British attack, unexpected in magnitude, had tied the enemy stragetically into a knot, and there was no possible escape from the tangle save by bringing the British advance to a standstill in the first instance.

Public attention has been drawn chiefly to gains of ground, but the consequences of the initiative in throwing the enemy's dispositions into confusion and "playing" him as the Allied Command design, is of deeper import.

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## STRIKES AND MORE STRIKES.

FTER the 'bus and tram strike, the tube strike. Next week it will probably be dairymen and dairywomen, or possibly those employed in the tobacco factories. In fact, there is no particular reason why every industry should not go on strike in turn and then start over again, with the exception of the poor old creatures who sell matches (when they can get them to sell) and bootlaces in the streets. It is no use their striking, because nobody wants them much. But we fear that in all the trades that count for anything at all, the example set by the munition workers, coal miners, shipbuilders and engineers is likely to be followed. The democracy has been debauched by the profligacy of the Government. It sees money being thrown with both hands out of the windows of Whitehall and the rabbit-warren of annexes; it reads about this scandal" after that, in which exploiters, sometimes of dubious origin, rake in the shekels at a profit beyond the dreams of Shylock or the late Sam Lewis, and it naturally asks, "Why should we not share in this golden shower?" That patient milch-cow, the public which pays its taxes, can merely low in querulous remonstrance. But what the democracy forgets is that the cow is being, not merely milked, but bled white. It will be awkward if the old cow dies of the Anglo-Bolshevist tune.

After kicking up their abbreviated skirts for some five days, the tube damsels and their sympathising males graciously decided on returning to work on Wednesday, "in order not to stand in the way of negotiation." They must, like Lord Clive, be astonished at their own moderation. For it cannot have escaped them that if they had timed their strike to march with that on the 'buses and trams they would have done their best to paralyze the whole traffic of Greater London. Now, with the fear of the Censor before our eyes, we dare not particularise the various undertakings connected with the war that are situated in this comprehensive area. We will be content with stating, while controlling our trembling pen, that there is a place called Woolwich, where the explosives and other things come from. But what do the damsels care about the war? Do they know that there is a war on? If they had been at their posts during the early days of this week, it would have been their privilege to clip the tickets of men from the front, heavily laden with their packs, and to take them down the lifts. But as they happened to be at Southend, those weary warriors had to tramp it across London to catch trains at Euston or King's Cross. As for the common "boojoo," he, of course, did not matter at all. He might even, as a clothier or butcher, have administered to the damsels' needs. Being a "boojoo," he ought to have been grateful for being alive at all. "The likes of him" merely got their desserts if they strap-hung and scrimmaged in such few trains as a scratch staff managed to work, and if their own stations were closed, they should have been thankful that any stations were open.

The strikers have developed tactics of a peculiarly feminine ingenuity. They have been repudiated by the Executive of the National Union of Railwaymen, and Mr. J. H. Thomas plainly told them that they had no right to behave themselves as they did. Were they right to behave themselves as they did. Were they downhearted? Not in the least. They promptly placed themselves under the protection of the Association of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, though none of them happens to be belong to it; and the meeting held at the happily-chosen Ring, Blackfriars Road, was treated to some bitter sarcasms at the expense of poor Mr. Thomas. The fandango, in short, has been one of those chaotic affairs, which everybody seems to lead and nobody to control. It is needless to say, too, that the strikers' notion of a settlement is that they should get their own ends with a truly feminine completeness. They may talk, as a matter of form, about not standing in the way of negotiation. But their idea of negotiation is to hurl an ultimatum at the head of Sir George Askwith, or some other luckless arbitrator. They insist on equal pay for men and women, though Electric Railway House has informed them that the condition cannot be granted.

"The question of equality of wages for the sexes," exclaimed one excited orator at the Ring, "has now become a national one." Just think what the demand means. A trifle of £150,000,000—and some who should know put the figure a good deal higher—would be added to the national wages bill. The idea, when we consider the vast multitudes in Government employ, is enough to drive Mr. Bonar Law distracted. Yet the strikers cannot claim that concession would increase their efficiency in uttering the familiar words, "Keep clear of the gates," or, "No smoking in the lift;" and that is, after all, their function in life. Besides, as Electric Railway House has pointed out to them, they work less hours than the men, and for medical reasons their attendance is less regular. This question of the equality of the sexes involves a most palpable fallacy. You cannot make things equal that are in themselves unequal, and if the labourer is worthy of his hire, that hire, after all, depends on the capacities of the labourer. If, after the war, a man and a woman apply for the same manual work at an equal rate of pay, which of them is likely to get it? Let the damsels think this over. But, as we said last week, we shall soon reach a state of society in which £5 a day at least, will be extorted by the most unskilled occupations. That way national insolvency lies.

The official excuse for the inflated state of wages is that the cost of living has gone up to a height that has discomfited all calculations. That is partially true, no doubt, but we must not forget that the equally obvious inflation of the paper currency is also responsible for the current dearness of every article from toothpicks to When peace is declared, this artificial state torpedoes. of affairs must cease to exist. There can be no war bonuses after the war is over. We shall then return to the familiar old position of labour demand and labour supply, modified, of course, by such concessions in wages as Trade Unionism is able to extort from the employers. Will the working classes have the sense to see that their false Paradise has been placed out of bounds, and that a work-a-day world is no place for Utopian experimentalism? We cannot tell, but that precious Ministry of Reconstruction, with its wild schemes for turning cooks into countesses, is not setting them a sound example. Bolshevism in the streets we can understand; it is a phenomenon common to all countries when the revolutionary spirit is abroad But Bolshevism enthroned in Downing Street is a curse that civilization has not hitherto witnessed.

## A BANKER'S DOUBTS.

(From a Correspondent.)

T HE two articles on Bank Amalgamations appearing in the issue of the 3rd August, present the technical position of modern Banking from two interesting points of view.

The first ably argued from the Amalgamation side of the question—though suggesting limitations—is a just appreciation of the point of view held by the general public; the second presents some incontrovertible facts and deductions therefrom which should make all classes save one of the community reflect on the possibilities underlying the aggregation of such colossal funds in the hands of a few individuals.

In spite of the fact that the Boards of modern Banks consist of men of integrity and ability, the management of a huge concern will inevitably tend to rest in the hands of a Chairman or Managing Director whose judgments are guided almost entirely by his staff of General Managers, Country Managers, and Foreign Managers. Many of these are doubtless expert in obtaining the last ounce out of any particular transaction whereby their Bank may benefit; but whether they be men of such outlook and education as to make them

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capable of the responsibility of being one of the five groups that are to control "£2,000,000,000, the greater part of the accumulated capital of the Country" is doubtful.

The writer of the first of the two articles published August 3rd, devoted a paragraph to the extinction of the private banker, and fairly enough pointed out the inherent difficulty of finding sons or relatives in such a business to carry it on with efficiency. This is a self-evident proposition, applicable to all private businesses, and the question can be asked whether those who have projected these colossal amalgamations who have projected these colossal amalgamations will be able efficiently to support the burden, and when their day is past whether the "strain of capables" will be forthcoming to shoulder the responsibility of \$\frac{1}{2}\text{100}\$—300,000,000 of other people's money, any more than the private banker with his \$\int\_{-1}^{2}\text{100}\$ and \$\frac{1}{2}\text{100}\$. an the private banker with his £5-10,000,000. But this is by the way.

Now a word as to the reasons advanced for these Amalgamations. They are, mainly, that in order to provide means for export and overseas trading, by which our foreign indebtedness after the war must be liquidated, facilities for foreign trade and exchange st be provided by English Banks, on a scale hitherto undreamt of.

Nobody can quarrel with this postulate, provided it is not putting the cart before the horse. Exports from this country, with the exception of coal, can only mean mulactured goods, and before we are again in a position to undertake foreign finance on a large scale ere must be large sums spent on reconstruction and rehabilitation in this country in order to manufacture the goods for export. Outside the manufacturers there will be the reconstruction and equipment needs of the public utility services, railways, shipping, electrical undertakings, municipal and commercial, etc. All of these would seem to demand priority of treatment before we are in a position to send goods overseas, let alone to finance them. A thought strikes one that this fetish of foreign business may have perhaps a baser origin.

At the present time, owing to Government creating credits on a generous scale whereby to pay for its purcredits on a generous scale whereby to pay for its purchases in this country, the borrowers from Banks are few and far between. Hardly a Bank lends to its customers to-day more than a third of its deposits. Stock Exchange lending is, of course, almost nil. Money at interest, alleged to be At Call or Short Notice, received a shock in August, 1914, from which it has hardly yet recovered; outside National War Bonds where can a Bank lucratively employ its surplus funds? where can a Bank lucratively employ its surplus funds? Happy thought! Try foreign business.

Such is now the demand in all parts of the world for such is now the demand in all parts of the world for goods exported from this country that nations where the usance in times before the war was 90 to 120 days' sight, will either pay in cash or take up acceptances under rebate long before maturity: thus, much of the pre-war risk of long credits is avoided, but the exchange profit remains, and a very enticing profit it is. Another point: this foreign exchange business is a very potent weapon with which to secure new accounts. It is a commonplace now for Banks doing such business.

It is a commonplace now for Banks doing such business to send round broadcast quotations for bills on, or remittances to, foreign countries; and to say to an enquirer: "My rate to you is so-and-so, but, of course, if we had the rest of your business doubtless we should be able to quote better terms." This is, of course, quite legitimate.

A Bank organizes facilities in advance of its competitors, and is entitled to derive every advantage from its enterprise. But don't let us deceive ourselves; it is doing it for profit, and it is open to doubt whether the trader is any better off, if as well, under this system, as when his foreign bills were negotiated through the ordinary channels of the discount houses in the London Market. It is all very well for Mr. Beaumont Pease to scant, as he did the other day at the meeting of Lloyds Bank, on the advantages to customers in obtaining a through route when running powers over other lines may not be available, but when the through routes are reduced to five it is possible that those five trunk lines may pool their rates, and the advantage accruing

to customers from such a course has still to be demonstrated.

One other reflection occurs by analogy drawn from actual events in days past in another country where vast funds were in the hands of a few. On the Stock Exchange in London under pre-war conditions it was the custom for Banks to lend large sums from account to account, taking as cover Stock Exchange Securities of all kinds. We will suppose that this practice again comes into force, and that the few great Banks have funds to lend amounting to several million apiece for the account. The temptation might conceivably become irresistible to a small ring of managers to sell on their individual account a bear of some popular stock in which there are large public dealings, and at the same time to instruct their officials that for this account no such stock is to be taken in by the Banks, with which they are connected. What is the result? Brokers and dealers are unable to get this stock carried by the Banks, a heavy fall ensues, the stock has to be realised at a greatly depreciated price, and those who have sold

a bear benefit accordingly.

The moral is that such a chain of events could not occur unless a great amount of funds were under the

direction of a few individuals.

But after all, the real point, and one which the Committee on Bank Amalgamations perhaps wisely did not attempt to answer is, what is the limit of responsibilities to the public beyond which Bank Amalgamations should not be allowed to go? For what it is worth, the writer is wholly of opinion that all legitimate aspirations of megalomania, enterprise, brains, or whatever the mental attitude of the amalgamator may be ascribed to, are fulfilled by having control of £100,000,000 of other people's money. With that figure he has scope to finance all legitimate operations, both at home and abroad—provided his paid-up capital is adequate. Beyond that figure rigidity of procedure, system, and regulations must become increasingly necessary if such vast sums are to be safely controlled. It seems to be certain that the wide-spread management staff at branches will have to work more than ever on definite laid down lines, and the Bank's customers as well. Such a state of affairs may well suit the slavishly disciplined population of Germany, but is entirely alien to the independent spirit of our own people.

As for Mr. Sidney Webb and the Fabian professors,

your second article of August 3rd rightly points out their jubilation at recent events in the Banking world, and the fact that the pundits of unlimited amalgamation should so play into their hands is not the least regrettable feature of the Banking developments going on

around us to-day.

## THE OLD SOLDIER.

OUR Old Army has died in giving birth to the New, endowing the offspring with its finest qualities, the calm determination and cheerful endurance, the cool bravery and fiery courage, the heroism in pain and death, the resolution in danger and adversity, the self-restraint in victory, that bore our arms successfully into all parts of the world, and extremes of heat and cold, to the making of our Empire. But many of its lesser traits have passed away because this war is gigantic beyond parallel, universal in its call, a contest mechanical devices rather than a test of human excellence, and because the ways of the past are not the manner of to-day. Such features were, it may be, but insignificant lights and shades in the spirit of an army, yet they serve to fill in a portraiture of the old to set alongside our knowledge of the new, that Army on which, under God, in this hour of supreme trial rests the decision by land of the future of the civilized races of the earth.

An Old Soldier connoted one fully versed in all tricks and artifices of his calling, a devout respecter of the 11th Commandment, whatever may have been his views of the Decalogue. In the stable his synonym was the troop horse that filched the feed from his neighbours' mangers before touching his own; he carefully

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kept sober when for duty, however often he may have gone to bed mellow. He was deeply skilled in the science of pipeclay and polish, and turned out for parade with consummate art; troublesome in peace time he was a splendid fighter, although some said unkindly that his bravery was in inverse ratio to his character. He regarded the recruit as a fledgling to be plucked, and woe betide the one who did not pay in beer, according to his means. Then oft repeated wets at the canteen brought headache and parched throat in the morning, as the bread discarded into refuse tubs so often testified; some there were who never breakfasted

save on liquids.

Merry tales are told of his humorous doings; there is an Irish City that greatly prides itself on a lofty statue of an erstwhile political leader set conspicuously in the main street. Its men had become very insulting to the garrison, so one New Year's Eve a chosen party of old hands sallied forth over the barrack wall, bearing a stew-pan, filled with chrome yellow, reviver of the brilliance of their peace-time lace. They climbed on to the railings and set it inverted on the head of the figure; next morning devotees of the green were horrified to see their revered image wearing a crown of white, from which streamed the hated orange of their religious antipathies; the city buzzed with anger, but the jokers were never detected. The same spirit of mischief shut the doors of an inner yard to have a match between rival troops, a steeplechase bareback over barrack-room forms, pleasantly followed by a liquidation of the stakes in the canteen. It also incited light-hearted defaulters to dress as for duty in the town, and march out by the Infantry Gate in charge of the oldest offender, who returned the sentry's salute with the precision of a non-commis-sioned officer. The party went as far as a favourite house of refreshment, then returned with the same military correctness to enjoy the escapade, and bear its consequences. The seasoned Old Soldier had a capacity for beer, which was part of his pride in him-self, one who was accused of having been under its influence indignantly pleaded that he had only had three quarts, as if so small a drop could possibly have affected him.

The Canteen was the Parliament of the Regiment, where its affairs were discussed and Old Soldiers formed the Government. Not even the proverbial valet was more judicious than they in discerning the unheroic qualities of their officers, they handed on the feuds between corps traditionally kept alive by doggerel rhymes, and were a power behind the throne that had far-reaching influence. In the barrack-room it was even greater and too often for ill, because evil more readily leavens community life than good can raise it. Nevertheless, they had the credit of the regiment at heart and dealt summarily with inveterate offenders against their unwritten rules, sometimes to the verge of tragedy. A man habitually slovenly on parade brought so much discredit on his fellows that they assembled a Court Martial, the President, rubicund of face from many cups, donned a saddle sheepskin as judge's wig, perhaps in anticipation of the black cap, and put on a bed sheet for robe. The members blacked their faces and attired themselves becomingly, the prisoner was tried and with due solemnity sentenced to be hung forthwith, a forage rope was thrown over a beam, and he was being triced up with a running noose when someone in authority fortunately came in, dissolved the Court, and rescued the condemned.

Whatever may have been the faults of the Old Soldier, he was thoroughly imbued with the regimental spirit; he became a child of it, and therefore varied according to the surroundings into which enlistment plunged him. He was seldom intentionally false to its guidance, and upheld it with the vigour of his own

rough recklessness.

It was that spirit which wrote the roll of magnificent deeds in the records of famous regiments, it has passed on to the New Army, and we read day by day how the additional battalions add new glory to their parent's fame, determined to rival, if they cannot outdo the splendid history of the past.

SOME ESSENTIALS IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.

K NOWLEDGE of foreign literature is invaluable to every writer, yet how few there are who have any acquaintance with the poetical development of countries other than their own. The period of immense literary activity now nearing an end in France remains comparatively unexplored, and is it not due to the same lack of initiative that experiment, the impulse forward, are passing, unknown to England, into the vital hands of the younger American poets?

Inspiration here is a dead and lifeless thing. America is producing book after book of fresh and exultant vision, young as any Elizabethan, just as definitely original. The restless future is a willing captive in its hands. While we, in England, praise our immaturities, blind to outside loveliness, experiment with them is at point to pass into achievement. Vividness, vitality and concentration, beauty and originality of expression, if these are the essentials of modern poetry, and I believe they are, look for then in the work of Amy Lowell, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, Sandburg, Frost, and many another writer. What have we to put beside their strength, the audacity of their richness, but an apathy born of outworn tradition, some expression of a past we so im-perfectly explore? It is not an hour for laughter, for indifference; the books are there, there is no barrier of language. Truly the time is ripe for a re-discovery of America.

What are the tendencies which have startled American poetry into so sudden and virile a realisation of loveliness, so true and individual an expression of life? Partly it is the power, the new gift of these younger writers, to love their future with a strength drawn from their past. Partly it is due to the varied roots from which these new impulses are derived. Miss Lowell owes much to her French reading. H. D. i unmistakably Greek in form and thought, the literature H. D. is ture of many countries unites in Fletcher, with Sandburg Swedish ancestry mingles with American experi-But the essentials are, as Miss Lowell has stated in her book, 'Tendencies in Modern American Poetry'---"a re-discovery of beauty in our modern world, and the originality and the honesty to affirm that beauty in whatever manner is native to the poet.

Pursuit of absolute loveliness, to concentrate the heart of it into a sharp and polished arrowhead, to renew modernity yet be untainted by it, these are the characteristics of 'Sea Garden,' by H. D. (Constable); the salt wind, a handful of honey, drift shells and broken petals—a world built of these, so vibrant with beauty that wonder must tremble on fear, as in this verse from 'Orchard':—

" I saw the first pear as it fellthe honey-seeking, golden banded, the yellow swarm was not more fleet than I, (spare us from loveliness) And I fell prostrate crying: 'You have flayed us with your blossoms, spare us the beauty of fruit trees."

Yet her poetry, visible essence of beauty as it is, is never thin with it, never quiescent, but forceful with life; so poignant with suggestion only with long asso ciation may its meaning grow into the mind.

It is a different world, indeed, we come to in 'Irradi tions' (Constable), or in any book by John Gook Fletcher. He touches all modernity, loves it, and pours it into his pages, tumultous as the cloud shadow over uneven mountains he delights to describe. is true his poems suffer a little from exuberance, sometimes confused, yet how he has captured not on the sea but the whole rough atmosphere of a dyn period and compressed it into the four pages

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Miss H. D. is 'Clipper Ships.' Perhaps his most definite contribution to the new movement in poetry lies in his expression of a personal mood seen with the imaginative eyes of a changing day, as in the following lines :-

"The trees, like great jade elephants,

Chained, stamp and shake 'neath the gadflies of the breeze.

The trees lunge and plunge, unruly elephants: The clouds are their crimson howdah-canopies, The sunlight glints like the golden robe of a Shah. Would I were tossed on the wrinkled backs of these trees."

It has been truly said that 'Chicago Poems,' by Carl Sandburg (Henry Holt, New York), is "one of the most original books the age has produced." Certainly e poet has stamped his individuality on every page of the volume. Yet the essentials of his poetry are tenderness, the freedom of youth; he is passionate with humanity. Has he not put himself into his poem, Young Sea '?

"The sea is never still, It pounds on the shore, Restless as a young heart Hunting."

Youth, torn with desire to pour exultant joy into the world, careless if it waste, and blind to the knowledge there are some hearts beauty will never nest in. That is vision is often limited, his perspective faulty, can-act obscure the true and virile loveliness of these

But for me undoubtedly the most original poet of the new movement is Miss Amy Lowell. In her poetry is reborn that rich freshness, that exultant vitality robbed from literature too many centuries ago. Poetry, and prose as well, for her 'Tendencies in Modern American Poetry' (Macmillan, New York), full, even for Miss Lowell, of true and unexpected phrases, is a vivid appreciation of the differing work and personality of several poets; the history of a movement that may well become a dominating influence in future expression. In her books achievement is breaking into flower. To read a sentence, a fragment of a poem, is to surrender to its vividness, is to feel beauty blown into life, rare with enthusiasm, original with expression. But here is verse from one of the loveliest of her poems, 'Venus

Was Venus more beautiful Than you are, When she topped The crinkled waves, Drifting shorewards On her plaited shell? Was Botticelli's vision Fairer than mine; And were the painted rosebuds He tossed his lady, Of better worth Than the words I blow about you To cover your too great loveliness As with a gauze Of misted silver?"

The work of Robert Frost is already known in England, two volumes of his work being first published here. He draws near painting in his actual transcription of incidents, seldom abandoned to imaginative vision, but, sure, vital, a poet of realism. He breathes of the soil he has described so lovingly, gets the feel of things into his verses, apples, the bend of birches, the blueberries tarnished with wind.

But there is no space for a consideration, however brief, of more than a few names among the younger American poets. Each year brings them to a fresh vitality, to a richer maturity of vision. Their poetry is rooted in experience, edged with wide knowledge, a necessary expression of the modern world, plunging towards the future, the confident promise of chievement.

Desire of beauty was seldom more vivid in England; why is mediocrity the usual answer to its needs? It is true that we live in a moment of transition, the Victorian period passed, the new age not yet here; that the art of every country grows, lives, dies, and is renewed again, has its spaces of expression, its intervals of sleep. Yet the reading of many books of reputed poetry must often depress a mind eager for realisa-tion of loveliness, of life, by their meagreness of thought, their lack of vitality, the entire absence of the authentic word. It is easy to take a dozen pages from these volumes and be quite at a loss as to whom to ascribe them; how impossible is this with a line of 'Chicago Poems' and 'Men, Women, and Ghosts.'

Is not a neglect of wide reading a partial reason for this failure, particularly among the younger writers? To read a dozen poets is to be hampered by tradition, to echo their idiom, their thought; to read a hundred is to find individuality, the power to fashion this to words. Experience and study as well as largeness of vision are essential to expression, rather than this modern tendency to acclaim boys, who, perceiving for the first time a sunset is beautiful, take pen in hand and rhyme anew impressions which have reached them through the pages of Keats or Swinburne. An age which encourages this cannot expect vitality of inspiration, for, unwelcome as this truth may be, a poet must

learn his trade.

I want vividness, I want life; is this too much to require of a poem? Original use of traditional metre, unexpected loveliness of cadence, what matters it so on the verse be stamped the definite personality of the poet in an idiom peculiar to himself? I will tolerate any experiment; I cannot tolerate mediocrity. I am no partisan of arid learning, but is not wideness a necessity; that the Elizabethans be studied side by side with the Greeks, that Walt Whitman and the French development of the past fifty years be read together. It is because this knowledge is sought so naturally by American writers, because they explore the past, yet put their strength into the future, their books are full of that freshness, even in maturity, the Elizabethans made their own. True, there are signs in England transition is near to ending, yet poetical impulse is indolent as a young bee that will not break the wax of fettering thought. The apathy will be rent; we, also, shall share the future, but, meantime, it would not hurt us to re-discover enthusiasm, experiment and America.

## IF RABELAIS WERE HERE.

R ABELAIS should be living at this hour—only a man of his size-and there has never been another than he-could write successfully about a thing like this war; his method is the only method to fit such a subject. The little fellows of to-day and to-morrow and the day after will continue to produce their authoritative, their ornamental and their popular histories of the dirty business, but not one of them will have

the brains to burlesque it on the grand scale.

All war is essentially comic. The death and mutilation of fine young men, the tears of women, the hunger and despair of little children are only things on its tragic surface; but down below there is always the enormous comedy which the settlement of differences by force must always supply. For there is nothing at all so fundamentally absurd as bone and muscle masquerading as reason. Suppose Jack Johnson were to undertake to prove that the sun goes round the earth by knocking Sir Robert Ball out of time. That is That is the discovery of Right through Might. There is nothing funnier, nothing at all.

Rabelais knew how to write properly about battles. He always went right to the core of the thing, the cutting and the slashing, the battering and bruising, the hacking and the hewing, the blood and the wounds, the dead men in heaps. With strategy and tactics he concerns himself but little, though to be sure there is that masterly device of Friar John's sow in the fight

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with the Chitterlings. Into strategy and tactics reason too largely enters for him to find his fun there. But where the Beast Rampant is at work, trumpeting defiance through its snout and hailing strokes "athwart and alongst"—there Rabelais is in Paradise. How he multiplies the blows of his champions? What prodigies of brute valour are wrought by their brawn and sinew! How they mow their adversaries down "like hops." Heads, arms, legs, fly like chaff in a gale. It is orgiastic. No one can read these battles and nourish so much as a grain of pity for anyone con-cerned in them. Not a shadow falls upon the corpse-strewn field; it is all bright sun and huge merriment. The misery of these thousands, these hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans this day will make, the rack and ruin of these vanquished lands, move no heart to sorrow. We laugh and laugh; we revel in

gore and only wish that the flood were deeper.

To-day we are too near in time to the World's Greatest War for a history of it, written in this spirit, to succeed. Those who have lost sons and husbands and brothers and seen the light go out of their sky for ever are not the people to enjoy such a book. Its author would be torn in pieces; his publisher would be burned, with the book itself, by the common hangman, and rightly. The decencies must be preserved, even by humorists. But what a book it might be, written today, when all the absurdity of the thing is fresh in the writer's mind, and published two hundred years hence, when the public will be as ready to take light-heartedly our wretchedness of to-day as we, of to-day, are ready to be amused by the woes of our ancestors! If Rabelais were only here to write that history!

For of all the wars that have ever been waged this is the most truly ludicrous, wherein the white men of the earth are solemnly killing one another, if need be to the last valid fighter, to decide who shall rule over the yellow men and the brown and the black. And when the last valid fighter is dead, what, one may ask, will the yellow men and the brown and the black have to say about it. Perhaps Rabelais has got himself born again in China. If so, we may look for a worthy book one of these days.

I wonder how he will deal with the Emperor Wilhelm II. Will he give us a catalogue of his members and of the natural functions of his body as he has already done in the case of Shrovetide? Shall we learn that his thrapple "was like a gas-works furnace"? Shall we be told that when he snorted "it was Zeppelins and Big Berthas"? And Hindenburg—how will he treat Hindenburg and his nail-driving idolators? I seem to see the possibilities of a chapter like that upon Master Gaster. And what, I wonder, will he have to say about President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Douglas Haig and the other great men of the I really cannot imagine how he will touch them off. I think I know how Rabelais, that very wise Frenchman, regarded war; but how a Chinese Rabelais would regard President Wilson is a thing too hard for me to conceive.

## SONNET.

## THE MARCH OF MAN.

Since it is Man's to sow where others reap, And in his hour to reap where others sow, Blown spume about a mighty ebb and flow, Soon spent, and soon re-gathered to the deep,-I hold that like a soldier he should keep His term of brief enlistment; pleased to go Under life's flag against a common foe; Content to serve, and hold advancement cheap.

Friends, since we halt within a little space, We'll not complain; but, bravely as we can, Press on, and bear the pack, and keep the pace.

Not without leaders goes this March of Man. It journeys towards some goal, some resting-place. Though now thick night lie prone on rear and van. G. H.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE GENERAL ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,-It is announced in the Press than an election is contemplated in November, and it is further sur-mised that this will be a Coalition election. It was surely hardly worth while to introduce the upheaval of a Reform Bill and to go to the trouble and expense of a new register for such a purpose. As we understand it, a Coalition election means largely compromise: a system of "back scratching" amongst the political

We have thought that the object of Reform was to ascertain the views of a largely extended electorate. A managed election cannot fully elicit the opinion of the constituencies, but will rather tend to prevent them from expressing their opinions. It is the voice of the Caucus, rather than the voice of the people, which would thereby be expressed. Surely it would be better to wait until we can have a proper election rather than to run the risk of a "scamped" appeal to the new electorate. What an invitation to the independent parties an election of that kind would offer!

It is clear that the country, as a whole, is in perfect sympathy with the Prime Minister and with his "win policy. He is not losing his hold on the country. He is strengthening it. While the armies of the Allies advance, or hold their own, under the single command, and while the British Navy still secures the increase of their numbers, he will gain in the trust of Why disturb such a satisfactory position the people. by the possible unsettlement of an election, which perhaps would result in a Parliament which might be worse than stale and which might be unrepresentative?

There will be a time when the man in the street, or the "civis Britannicus," as he might be more euphenistically called, will want to say a word, and that is when the war is over, and when it comes to the settlement of peace. Public opinion, however, has been largely reassured by the expressed opinion of the Foreign Secretary that neither the German Colonies, nor the Ocean Islands, nor those parts of Asiatic Turkey in our occupation, will be given back.

Two things absorb the attention of the people at the present time, viz., winning the war and how they are going to get a living after the war, and as we are led to hope for that victory for which both the body and mind of the Prime Minister are working at full pressure, we may hope that when that hope is realised he will be the man to see that we enjoy the fruits of viotory, amongst the results of which should be, not the inauguration of a generation of grinding poverty, but the first sowings of a harvest of prosperity. The the first sowings of a harvest of prosperity. The bubble reputation for an empty victory might not survive.

Everything for which he has asked has been given to him by the country ungrudgingly, including its goodwill and its blessing, and we may hope that before long he may reap his sowing and take that place at the Peace Conference which the position of our country, and the services of our Empire to the world in the war, entitle him, and that is the first place.

In the national interests, how can the position be improved by an election?

Your obedient servant,

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J. F. L. ROLLESTON. Glen Parva Grange, Leicester.

# "THE PARADISE OF SOCIALISM."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that some, at least, of the Fabian and Socialist professors will read your delicate satire on Socialism under the above title in last week's issue. The compulsory equality, which is necessary for the realisation of Socialism, suppresses all infevidual talent, and produces the politics of the milk-can and the price of cheese. The Swiss are a nation of hotel and bank managers: Switzerland has not in modern times reared a statesman, a poet, an artist, a musician, or a great writer of any kind. Contrast her output in brains and character with that of small but vigorous countries like Belgium, or Holland, or Denmark!

Yours obediently, INDIVIDUALIST.

## LORD DERBY AND STATE RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,-Surely the Lord Derby who deprecated the purchase of railways by the State was the fifteenth, not he seventeenth, as stated in your note last week, who is the present peer. The fifteenth earl was Disraeli's great admirer in his youth, and it was to him that the Crown of Greece was offered. His judgment was excellent, but he was inclined to be morose, and he lacked the power of decision. The son of the Tory Prime Minister (who, by the way, began life as a Whig), the fifteenth earl was Colonial Secretary in Disraeli's 1866 Government, and Foreign Secretary during the earlier life of the 1874 Government. But he was an incorrigible pacifist, and left Lord Beaconsfield in 1877 on the despatch of the Fleet to Besika Bay. He joined Gladstone's 1880 Government as Colonial Secretary, and was responsible for the disastrous Transvaal Treaty of 1881. When about this time he went to make a speech at Bury (where he owned most of the town), a lot of working-men lined the streets with their jackets turned inside out. Lord Salisbury, who never forgave his desertion of the Tories in 1877, said of him: "He is a man who will never stray far from the frontier lines of either party, and who reserves all his power of being disagreeable for those with whom he is temporarily associated "—a witty and a bitter saying. He was a cold, cautious, clearheaded statesman, and was succeeded by his brother, who cared for nothing but racing, and left his letters to answer themselves.

Yours faithfully, HISTORICUS.

[Our correspondent is, of course, right: we meant the fifteenth Earl, whose speeches on economic subjects are well worth reading. Mr. A. W. King, Aysgarth, has also written to us on the point.—Ed. S.R.]

## DEMOCRACY AND THE COLOUR BAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—For four years we have been praying for a "righteous and abiding peace," but, unhappily, there seems little chance that when we have destroyed Germany and achieved victory we shall be able to return to a quiet life of recuperative industry. In order to crush Militarism we have called in the aid of Revolution, and to-day throughout the world every monarch, every peer, every private right and every public institution are alike threatened.

When we talk glibly about "making the world safe for democracy" we forget that the tocsin of revolt in Russia, which was so joyfully welcomed by British politicians, was, or at any rate was meant to be, the death knell of Imperialism everywhere, and that in aiding and abetting the disruption of the Russian empire we were seriously endangering our own.

Many of those who were delighted at the overthrow of the Russian autocracy a year and a half ago are to-day deeply troubled by the proposal to give a form of Home Rule to India. They do not perceive that since quantity, and not quality, is the governing factor in the institutions of democracy, you cannot logically set any limits to the democratic advance, nor do they understand that, since the next British Parliament will be largely chosen by the votes of boys and women, many of them extremely ignorant or grossly misinformed, we are bound in equity to consider the claims of India to a certain measure of self-government. It may be true that India had better, in her

own interests, remain as she is, but having enfranchised ignorance wholesale at home, we can scarcely deny the claim of a section of our Indian fellowsubjects to a share in those "Free Institutions" which we publicly praise and privately distrust.

In this connection we must recognise that the first questions to be answered after the war will be these: Can we at the same time support democratic institutions and preserve the colour bar, can we consistently uphold the doctrine that minorities must suffer the while we white men are greatly outnumbered by the coloured races of the world at large?

Speaking to Australian soldiers at Salisbury the other day, Mr. Hughes said: "We made laws about a white Australia, irrespective of the fact that within a stone's throw of us there were a thousand million people who coveted our land. . . . We have the greatest heritage that ever fell to men on this earth, and on the foundation you have laid we shall make it a great and mighty nation. And we shall keep it inviolate for the white man, for the free man, and for

democracy."

Here we have no cant about the Almighty's having "given the land to the people"—five million persons, all told, are in possession of a vast continent, immeasurably larger than they can usefully occupy for generations, but, as owners, they mean to hold it against all comers by the sword. If there is any truth in the doctrine of the divine right of the majority, that doctrine must be as applicable to international as well as to national affairs, but, with superb inconsistency, Mr. Hughes, standing like a demagogic Peri at the gate, warns the hundreds of millions of coloured men, mostly very poor and many on the verge of starvation, not to attempt to trespass on the Australian Paradise.

Meanwhile the democrats, who are so determined to protect their own rights against a majority of the human race, have been making short work of the propertied minority in Queensland. Under the guidance of "Thomas Joseph Ryan, the leader of the Labour Socialist Party in Parliament," as a Socialist writer in the Labour Leader of August 8th tells us, the Government, "by different Acts of Parliament, recovered, conscripted, or confiscated—whatever one may care to call it—about 9,000,000 acres of land."

What a lesson in class selfishness and public plunder is here offered to the subject races of the world!

Scarcroft, near Leeds.

Yours faithfully, C. F. RYDER.

## MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In his recent book on Montenegro Mr. Devine rebuked the accusers of King Nikola. Surely, he said, they did not expect him to defend himself in a newspaper? And he didn't hesitate to say that he considered it very bad form to attack a defenceless old monarch. As a matter of fact, the King had been defending himself at considerable length, not only in a harangue to his adherents in a Paris suburb, but also on various occasions in a newspaper, the Journal Official. Both the speech and long extracts from the newspaper are quoted, with approval, in Mr. Devine's book! So, then, the above-mentioned rebuke would seem, to say the least of it, to fall a trifle flat. Nevertheless, Mr. Devine now launches precisely the same rebuke against me, saying that I appear, in my letter to The Saturday Review, to think it extraordinary that the King does not defend his bona fides in a newspaper. I had said nothing at all about a newspaper defence, but after reading the King's efforts, as quoted by Mr. Devine, I must say that I think it would have been wiser if no such defence had been attempted.

Monarchs, says Mr. Devine, should not engage in a newspaper correspondence, and apparently an advocatus regis, such as himself, should only engage in it to a limited extent, and should reply to the accusers, "not in detail, but from the broad point of view." In my letter I had mentioned, with chapter and verse, certain definite charges of treachery and

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corruption which have been brought against King Nikola, the Crown Prince and Prince Peter. And although Mr. Devine occupies nearly two of your columns with his indignant reply, he persists in doing so "not in detail, but from the broad point of view." He is so exceedingly broad that when an accusation is levelled against the King he sees in this an accusation against the entire country! I did not say that Montenegro is said to have embarked upon questionable transactions at the Vienna Bourse, I did not say that Montenegro imprisoned the Leader of the Opposition on a malarial island in the Lake of Scutari, I did not say that Montenegro is charged with having impeded the escape of her own troops, I did not say that an officer returning after the surrender of Lovtchen shouted at Montenegro that he and his royal sons were traitors. Mr. Devine says that he "is in a position to state that there is not one single word of truth in the insinuations and charges impugning the absolute integrity and loyalty of King Nicolas." What a pity that Mr. Devine is prevented from going into details!

He says he knows very well a group of "Serbian political intriguers" is the source of all these accusations. If I say that they are brought by the Montenegrin Committee of National Union, consisting of prominent Montenegrins (and not of Serbians, intriguers, or candlestick-makers), and that this Committee is supported by the overwhelming majority of intelligent and influential Montenegrins, I daresay Mr. Devine will continue to call them "Serbian political intriguers." He has made a great discovery with regard to the "intriguers," for M. Radovic, the late Premier and head of the Committee, has made it known that he receives financial assistance from some Serbian benefactors, part of which is spent on publications. These Serbians happen to share the opinion of all those Montenegrins who think that M. Radovic stands for a just cause. But Mr. Devine evidently holds that it is altogether wrong for allies to assist one party in another allied State. I presume the reason why Mr. Devine does not denounce the allied French and British Governments, who for the time being are making an allowance to King Nikola (part of which is spent on publications), is that they have not instituted enquiries as to the justice of his cause, but are simply moved by generosity. I think King Nikola derives a good deal more assistance from money than from Mr. Devine's logic: on p. 112 of his book, Mr. Devine says that the Montenegrin Committee seems to consist only of Radovic and one or two others; on p. 113 he says that King Nikola will prevail "despite the strength of his opponents.'

I asked Mr. Devine why in his extensive bibliography, which includes very obscure pamphlets and books, he has omitted the works of Miss Edith Durham, Mr. H. W. Nevinson and the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who are generally considered to know something of those horrid details—and says that I am "to put it mildly, partisan." He is himself such a hater of partisan spirit that he will not countenance the works of these authorities, who know a very great deal more about Montenegro than he does, because they are partisans of the truth.

Mr. Devine now wishes to draw a distinction between a Jugo-Slav Federation, which is worthy of support, and a Jugo-Slav Kingdom, which is not. I am afraid Mr. Devine will be getting himself into trouble with King Nikola, the Crown Prince and Prince Peter, who will only consent to a Jugo-Slav State—call it Federation, or Kingdom, or anything you like—on condition that the head of the executive (presumably a State requires an executive?) is a member of the house of Petrovic. Mr. Devine says over and over again—and he is perfectly right—that the Montenegrins must decide their own fate. The last three Prime Ministers of Montenegro informed the King that they and their colleagues and the great majority of Montenegrins—not Serbians, mind you, but Montenegrins—were, with all respect to him and to King Peter, in favour of Prince Alexander of Serbia.

If a vote of the Montenegrins at the end of the war confirms this desire, then the Petrovic family will present a minority report and betake themselves, if one may judge from their actions during the war, to Austria. When Mr. Devine compares the Petrovic dynasty to the Karageorgevic he can only say that it is more ancient. But the Hohenzollern dynasty is a pretty old one.

In his letter and in his book Mr. Devine alludes to "cricket," and I am thrilled to hear that, figuratively, this means "fair play," playing the game," and so forth. One should not strike people when they are down, says Mr. Devine, and when they are "absolutely inarticulate." In view of the royal speeches and the articles in the Journal Officiel, I can only say that it is lucky for Mr. Devine that the King is not now in a position to allocate the cells of that famous island Talking of cricket, I was under the impression that in my previous letter I had delivered a very simple ball. which had Mr. Devine beaten all down the pitch, and got him leg before wicket, and caught at the wicket. and stumped. Perhaps his present letter is the second innings, and perhaps he will not retire to the pavilion. If his methods of controversy or-which is even more probable-his knowledge of facts do not permit him to take accusations seriatim and reply to each one of them, I think he would be doing better service to the Royal Family of Montenegro if he remained absolutely inarticulate. It really won't do if, after the most defnite charges of treachery brought against the Petrovic family by their own leading subjects—and acknow-ledged by them, in at least two cases, to be true-Mr. Devine airily observes on p. 111 of his book that "cricket is not played in the Balkans." Personally, I think it is played; and that against these royal names one must put "run out"; nor did they run to Salonika, like Prince Alexander of Serbia, but to a very safe pavilion in France.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
HENRY BAERLEIN.

30, St. James's Square, S.W. 1.

# GERMANY'S AFRICAN COLONIES. To the Editor of The Saturday Review.

SIR,—A solitary reference in my article of July 27th appears to have touched Sir Harry Johnston in a sensitive spot. Let me, therefore, assure him that the connection of his name with the "international solution" of the colonial question was due, not to any wilful misrepresentation on my part, but to my ignorance of his having renounced the views with which he was formerly credited both here and in Germany. It was only last year that there appeared in a German political review an article violently attacking "Sir Johnston and his set" for venturing to propose this "internationalization": and it was only a few months ago that I noticed the denunciatory passage quoted in a newly-published English book by a well-known studen of Anglo-German politics—and quoted without comment. It was a very ungrateful attack, by the way, in view of Sir Harry's pre-war tendresse for Germany's aspirations; but there it stands.

I would willingly leave the matter at that, and express my regret that a two-line sentence of mine should have hurt the feelings of so distinguished a traveller and author, had he not proceeded to misquote other sentences in the same paragraph, in order to show himself as the victim of insult as well as injury at the hands of one of those ineffable SATURDAY REVIEW writers with whom he has, in the past had "a deep and perhaps bitter difference of opinion." Other SATURDAY REVIEW writers doubtless know how to take care of themselves. For myself, I would merly request Sir Harry Johnston to re-read my first paragraph, if possible more carefully than he has miquoted from it; when he will see that "constructive programme" plainly means an official programme and does not refer either to Sir Harry Johnston or to any other private individual who happens to have worked out a policy.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE

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To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is perhaps somewhat late in the day to rentilate still another idea for the reform of the coinage, but the return to the subject in your issue of this week encourages me to put forward a proposal which I have not seen advocated before.

Of the decimal systems which have been suggested that embodied in the Southwark Bill and retaining the present pound as standard, would appear to meet with most favour. But the complete decimalization of the existing pound would involve inconveniences of which the following are probably the most serious:-

The disarrangement of multitudes of prices, Trade Union rates, and similar scales, based on the penny.

The encumbering of large-scale finance with three aces of decimals. The indivisibility of the second places of decimals. place of decimals by four, and of the whole system by

It appears to your present correspondent that the coinage now in use could be made the basis of a decimal system which would obviate these disadvantages without introducing others of a very formidable

The new suggestion is to retain the present copper coinage, but to let threepence be the decimal unit, and

one hundred threepences the new standard.

We should then keep the half-crown, and have in place of the "sovereign" a new coin value twenty-five shillings, which, for the purposes of argument, might be termed an "imperial." A new short name instead of the "pound," and with some imagination about it, would have to be found.

Not being competent to judge of the effect of such a change of standard, in matters of international fnance, the writer can only express the opinion that if the pound is to be altered at all, it would be preferable to create a new standard one-fourth larger, rather than one of a thousand farthings, which would not

bear any simple ratio to the existing standard.

To arrive at the equivalent of an "imperial" in a foreign currency, increase by one-fourth the rate of exchange for a pound. To express the value of a sum of foreign money in "imperials" instead of pounds, deduct one-fifth.

Among our own people it ought to be no more diffi-cult to think in "imperials" than in guineas, as is so frequently done at present.

As to the mode of expressing decimal amounts and coppers together, a form of notation might very well be adopted from that used by paper-makers for reams and odd quires and sheets.

To give an example :-

8.6321 or 8.6310

would represent-8 imperials ... ... ... £10 0 0 6 half-crowns 6 half-crowns ... ... ... 0 15 0 3 threepences ... ... 0 0 9 and twopence-halfpenny.

Or the same result is obtained by dividing 863 by 80. The second form of the notation provides for the re-introduction of the farthing as a commercial coin to gain the benefits of greater subdivision which have n claimed for the mil. But there is no evidence that the one-mil piece would be a more popular coin than the present-day farthing.

It may be mentioned that the scheme here outlined fits in admirably with many old-established usages which would have to be abandoned with a purely

decimal system.

The custom of paying salaries monthly at onetwelfth of the annual rate-

160.00 imperials a year = 13.331 (or 13.334 in the second form) a month. The common trade terms of "one-third off."

Wholesale prices quoted at per dozen and per gross,

If one result of the war is to be a permanent devaluation of money, the smaller coins would tend to fall out of use, and we should more and more come to depend on the decimals only. The higher value stan-dard would be useful, too, in dealing with the thou-sands of millions which, apparently, will be henceforth a permanent feature of our national life.

I am, sir, yours faithfully, E. W. BRYAN.

Woolwich.

[This controversy must now cease. We cannot publish any more letters about "Decimal Coinage" or "Divide by Eight."—Ed. S.R.]

## RUSSIAN-SPEAKING OFFICERS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,-Now that English Staff officers have landed at Vladivostock it is expedient to send others, who can speak Russian, accredited to Semenoff and the leaders of the Czecho-Slovak forces along the Siberian railway. In September, 1914, we had Sir John Hanbury Williams and about three other officers attached to the Russian Army of as many millions, and in addition to these Lord Kitchener sent out in October three Russianspeaking officers, who were attached to the Glavny Stab in Petrograd and who kept him fully in touch with everything by telegraphing in code twice daily. These same officers, then a Major of Artillery, a Captain, and a Lieutenant of the Yeomanry, are also known to the officers of the Russian General Staff, and, if available, would be welcomed by those that have managed to reach the Czecho-Slovak forces.

The presence of such officers with the Russian leaders would bring them into touch with their Western Allies, would strengthen their hands with their own people, and the Japanese, and should co-ordinate the Allied forces in the far East with their comrades in the West. American or English troops are not needed in the far East as they are in the West, but moral support and recognition has been too long withheld. If he was at liberty to speak, I believe our great Ambassador lately in Petrograd would recommend some such action

as is called for even in Peking and Shanghai.

Our position with the Russia that is to be depends on our action now and on the men we send.

> Your obedient servant, STEPHEN L. NORRIS.

Athenæum Club.

## PEACE OFFENSIVES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is not this a time to be strictly on our guard against those "Peace Offensives" which, in liaison with tired military ambitions, are breeding afresh in the German brain? The periodical peace overtures of the Hun are not surprising at all. He knows towards whom he is tentatively directing his efforts-to a considerable body of Ultramontanists in Italy, to Bolsheviks in Russia, to certain German-Americans in America, and to the notoriously active Pacifists and Internationalists in England. These people, he also knows, are as so many small fish in his net, and he hopes by manœuvring them about to seduce the larger fry. So far, it is in England that he has obtained the largest measure of calm sympathy; even to the extent of being told that his proposals show a fair amount of reason.

This encourages the Hun rather more than a small military triumph; for he is organized to fight at both ends, and he depends on the diplomatic end to weaken the opposing forces by invading their will to action with the "pale cast of thought." Reason, cold and cunning, his proposals certainly show. They are so reasonable and practised that they are very well under-stood of the general public of this country. But the inveterate Utopians take them at their face value, as though they had been plucked directly out of Holy Writ. Indeed, they bear the hall-mark of the German Gott, as do the crushed dolls of the little French

Every German heel has a divine stamp. children. Perhaps this is why whenever Von Kühlmann makes an indelicate speech touching the aspirations of Junkerdom, our Pacifists see, as in a mirror, whole hosts of German penitents burying their hatchets and hurling

their worldly idols to the pavements.

One wonders what it is inspires even professional peace-mongers to such a pitch of credulous fatuity. One wonders what sort of mental detachment is necessary to enable a peace-monger, to-day, to abstain from lifting a finger in aid of the country in which he was born, bred, and privileged. Indeed, one can but wonder, while men are dying at the Front-the noblest death we know-there are rank Pacifists in our Lords and Commons being referred to every day as "noble" and "honourable" Members. Nor is it a matter of small importance, for it is significant of the wide and shameful tolerance which is extended them,-because the Government of Great Britain is so inherently weak and vacillating-thanks to its unnatural tenure of office—that it will turn a deaf ear to the native common sense of Whitehall to search for that indispensable commodity in the flitting obsessions of a Snowden or a Buckmaster. Ah, those bland, enchanted worshippers of the new Democracy, lost in the multiplicities of Bolshevism, the Empire for Jews, or Indian Reform. And It is a pity they do not know they are at such a time! enchanted, and, like, Don Quixote, submit to be caged. For any Sancho Panza in the nation will inform them on request that their "senses are turned topsy-turvy." And so, though one may wonder what cold, inanimate ashes a Pacifist springs from, the aids to his upward plunge, as manifested in England, are not at all a matter for wonder.

The Hun knows of these mere political dispositions and persuasions, quite as well as we do ourselves. they kindle his arrogance they do us no hurt; but as they widen the scope for his cunning they subtly influence many Ministers to favour, or undertake diversions of an altogether wrong tendency. They inspired many of his Peace overtures—designed simply to call us off until he had "cleaned up" Europe. But he must see to-day that though he practised some tolerable deceptions on a number of the shibboleth cliques, he never for a moment shook that firm resolution in the heart of the British race-the resolution which defeated the Armada, which wore down Napoleon's strength, and which to-day is surely sundering the German people from a captious military dictatorship, worse than the proscriptive tyranny of Sulla, or the demon faculty of

Attila.

Yours faithfully, OVERSEAS.

## A LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,-In the midst of so much discussion with respect to a proposed League of Nations, should we not critically examine whether such a compact might be more of a curse than a blessing to our Empire? Patriotic statesmen of both leading political parties have eulogised what they proudly termed "Our splerdid isolation," and notwithstanding that France has displayed superb courage and devotion to her allies, her great soldiers eloquently testify that with-out the aid of Britain's Navy our foes might have achieved victory on land and sea. If a League of Nations is formed, could Germany be trusted as one of its components? Would her bond be honoured, or should we have a repetition of Belgium's tragic fate, and Roumania's tribulations?

In the light of what has occurred, are we not right in assuming that Germany would aim at being dog'' upon every question relative to economics and international law, otherwise she would threaten war. The same clique of Syndicalists, Sinn Fein agitators and the anti-national Trade Unionists would revile against the existing administration if it did not humbly acquiesce in Germany's demands. These anti-Britishers would seek to regain for Germany her

monopoly of our trade, finance and political influence We should be told that because Germany belonged to the League our Colonies must be denied preferential treatment in commerce, and that no separate commercial treaties could be made with our Allies. Every insidious argument would be adduced to force the ad ministration to favour a nation which has put herself outside the pale of civilisation, aye, and paganism What better and stronger guarantee for a lasting peace could exist than the unity of Britain and her Colonies? In a few years Australia, Canada, and South Africa will be powerful nations in themselves, and a colossal combination to be reckoned with in the event of war. Mr. Roosevelt once said "that some day the United States would be merged into Canada, or vice versâ," but the former idea is extremely doub. ful of realisation, and we can proudly assume that Canada's loyalty is interminable.

With respect to whole or partial disarmament Germany's vile submarine outrages alone precludes al possibilities of Britain decreasing her Navy. Even if the Conscription Act was repealed the Empire's Army must be as powerful as any force Germany might secretly mobilise. This is the safe and only guarantee for the security of our commerce, and respect for For the time being any semblance treaty obligations. of honour is dead in Germany, and if it suited her statesmen's purposes the rules of a League of Nations would be torn into shreds, and scattered to the winds. For the sake of sentiment or faddism we dare not make vain the disinterested sacrifices which have been endured by Britain and her Colonies. Let an Empire consolidated in blood rely on her invulnerable strength and inexhaustible resources, then all will be well. not, in the near future Europe may again be deluged with a holocaust of bloodshet and rapine.

ROSE ARMITAGE.

## THE LUXURY DUTY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,-A propos of the working classes and grand pianos, I heard the other day of a dealer who sold one of his best instruments to three munition girls, and subsequently called to inspect it. The piano had been installed in the kitchen, and painted green, so as to match the rest of the "furniture"—there was no other room large enough to hold it.

In the same district a woman with a shawl headdress was seen buying the most expensive Irish lace nightdress case that it was possible to procure, under the pretext that "You must spend your money some-

It looks as if the Luxury Duty will hit the working classes! 0.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The proposition, under 'Arts and Crafts,' in your issue of the 10th inst., is parallel with the stimulating "Wake up, England," of King George V, on his Majesty's return from a foreign tour. It is, that a permanent "Exhibition" for arts and handicraft of skilled workmen be established in London. If adopted, it would increase the production, and enhance the intrinsic value of artistic articles of handicraft. It might be pointed out, without any, the slightest, lack of courtesy, that there is one inaccurate statement in the letter, viz., "English craftsmen are the finest in the world."

That the skilled workmanship of Scotsmen, Irish men, and Englishmen-or Britons-in arts and crafts have become famous throughout the world is incontrovertible, but that it excels that of all other countries is beyond credibility. Take, as an instance, Italian craftsmen, from the middle ages to the twentieth cen-Italy may be said to be the birthplace of arts and crafts in Europe. At the present day, Italians for surpass the British workman in the production of articles of utility and of embellishment, chaste in

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finest in n, Irishnd crafts is inconcountries , Italian ieth cenof arts dians far ction of haste in

design and faultless in execution. Italians excel in engineering and in electricity, Marconi outstripping all

Few, if any, can equal French craftsmen. Their artistic ideas, materialised in bric-à-brac and in bijouterie, are a dream of delight for the daughters of Eve, bijoutier. The craftsmen in "Gay Paree" are unequalled by those in any nation in Europe for honest and exquisite workmanship. Travelling to the Orient,

let us, with Dr. Johnson,
"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

The filigree work in bronze, silver and gold in the Celestial Empire is incomparably superior to that in any part of the modern world. The crafts and arts in Japan, dating back for many centuries, show similar supremacy. The adaptability that the Japanese have supremacy. exhibited in recent years for the utilisation of Western ideas is simply marvellous. Then, there is India, with its ages of civilisation, as compared with the mere 2,000 years of the Christian world. The skilled handicraft of those in "The Jewel of the British Crown" is the despair of the most clever workmen in the

I am, etc., THOMAS OGILVY.

Dundee.

## THE OBSESSION OF PICTURES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,-Are we as a people reverting to second-childhood, or is it that we are lacking in imagination and power of visualisation? Judging by the pictorial advertisement of every conceivable thing, from a hairpin to a house, it would seem that no wealth of description is sufficient to attract public attention and that this

can only be gained by an alluring picture.

Time was—early Victorian time—when such an article as Rowland's Macassar Oil needed no bush; now such an article has to be illustrated by a beautifully meticulously drawn bottle or case. Yet in past days we managed to obtain what we wanted without any "artful aid" to stir our imagination to the point of purchase.

Have personal vanity and the love of fine clothes grown so inordinately as to account for the deluge of pictures of every conceivable article of feminine attire; of charming young women—all six feet tall—posed in the garments advertised, and of officers immaculately garbed and with the inevitable cigarette?

Teufelsdlöckh declared that clothes are "emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want." Are not these artful, alluring pictures symbols of a "manifold cunning victory" over wants? In like manner the desire for possessions and articles

de luxe is explained by those who cater for the wealthy. This craving of the public for pictures is seen at its height in the cinemas, where thousands sit daily in a sort of stupor gazing at scenes and dramas, many of which are impossible, banal or objectionable. Considering the extraordinary hold the cinema has on the public it is greatly to be regretted that its influence is not better used, and especially as regards the young. The effect of some of the plays and scenes must be to familiarise the young with acts of violence and crime, and to give them false views of life. A London magistrate not long ago referred to the picture plays as "the curse of London."

A visit to any one of these theatres should abundantly convince the dullest censor of the need for separate performances for young people. Of course, the pictures do not all fall into the categories I have mentioned. Far from it; beautiful and interesting pictures of foreign countries, cities, landscapes and seascapes, are shown; also the gradual growth of plants and flowers, the habits of wild creatures, etc. Indeed, the cinema opens up a wide vista of interest and usefulness, and might be made of the greatest educational value. Much more might be done in illustrating the extent of the British Empire, and in supplying knowledge of races, peoples, customs, industries, etc., and, above all, in the dramatic representation of noble deeds.

Before leaving the subject of pictures, it must be noted that the Government, apparently, is of the opinion of "the trade," and has adopted its policy, judging by the innumerable posters of varying degrees of artistic merit exhibited and scattered over the country. Yours faithfully,
A. E. HELPS.

Coleshill, Amersham.

## "LITTLE VICTIMS."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Too many are the years that have slipped away since I was at a public school, and I gather from the letter in your last issue signed "A Mere Boy that things have changed much. In those days (long after the liquorice-eating, beer-drinking Tom Brown had disappeared), we were taught, if not much booklearning, the more important lesson of being polite to an opponent in controversy, particularly if he happened an opponent in controversy, particularly if he happened to belong to the previous generation. I also gather from "A Mere Boy" that what he has lost in manners he has not gained in knowledge. For it is evident from his resentment of the terms "little victims" and "young barbarians," (1) that he does not know Gray's poem on Eton, (2) that he has not read the exquisite stanza in Childe Harold on the dying gladiator, (3) that he is upgaying of the use Matthew Arnold made of that he is unaware of the use Matthew Arnold made of our "young barbarians" in his famous preface to the Essays.

I was a strenuous politician at school, as were many of the other fellows in the Sixth. We had rousing debates in the School Debating Society, where the Masters joined us on equal terms. But we made our politics for ourselves, as an amusement, not as a part of the school curriculum. I can conceive no more certain way of giving boys a dislike for politics than to make them part of their lessons. A more serious objection is that the politics taught would be those of the individual master, and a most sinister bias might thus be given to the first political ideas of many boys.

I imagine that no parents would stand this.

I prefer believing that "A Mere Boy" has only caught the epidemic of rudeness engendered by the war to taking him as a fair specimen of our public schools.

Yours faithfully, THE REVIEWER.

## ABOUT INDIA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—India is suffering from an overdose of snobbishness. For example, can you imagine Mr. Edwin Montagu and his supporters taking an interest in pigs, fish, and ducks which will prove to be the salvation of the masses? And yet, a former Governor-General of India, the Marquis of Hastings, spent a whole morning in inspecting the pigs of Mr. Havell's farm at Digah, near Dinapúr, in Bihar: "Mr. Havell's pigs," says Miss Roberts in her interesting book, Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan (which was published in 1835), "had the honour to detain the most distinguished personage in India from the ex-pectant garrison of Dinapúr, drawn out to receive him. After waiting for several hours in the sun, the sepoys, who do not comprehend the distinction between pigs of quality and those of plebian origin, were not a little amazed and scandalised when they saw the great man ride up in his deshabille, and understood that he had been solacing himself in the pigsties of Digah, instead of appearing at the appointed time in full costume before the troops anxiously desirous to catch a glimpse of the Barra Sahib." Truly the pig will create a bond of union between the Britisher and the low caste natives of India.

"Our Government and our people have alike suc-cumbed to the seductive influence of caste," says my maternal grand-uncle, the late Dr. Kenneth MacQueen,

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in a pamphlet which he wrote in 1857—a pamphlet which is well worth studying at the present day, since he goes on to say: "Our missionaries themselves have not been proof against its delusive spell. It is true that our mission-schools are open to all comers, and that the 'pure' and proud Brahmin may find himself occasionally polluted by contact with a base-born neighbour. But mark the different estimation in which the two are held. How we plume ourselves on having Brahmins in our schools, and high-caste men among our converts. . . . It is our policy, our wisdom, and our duty to surround ourselves with converts and partisans. All previous conquerors, Portuguese, and Mohammedans, adopted the system of religious and social rule along with their political power."

In another paragraph, Dr. Kenneth MacQueen says: "The policy of submission to caste, conceived in ignorance of our interests, has proved eminently unsuccessful; let us now turn away from the folly, and ignore the existence of caste altogether in the reformation of our establishments. While we intermeddle not with native prejudices in its favour, in their intercourse with one another, let us not recognise it in any way in their intercourse with ourselves. have seen that amidst our present difficulties and disasters, the only corps of the army which have stood steadfast to their allegiance are those in which caste is not recognised. We have the authority of history for the soldierly qualities of the low-caste sepoys of the olden times; and we have the evidence of Sir Charles Napier, pre-eminently qualified to judge, that a regiment of Madras mhetens (sweepers) was the very best native regiment he had ever seen in actual service."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington.

## WASTE PAPER.

## To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With regard to the waste of paper alluded to in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW, and which goes on merrily more or less everywhere, if the local authorities did their duty in regard to salvage of waste paper and paper-making stuff, it would in a measure be prevented, and incidentally save the taxpayers' pocket. But Bumble is averse to efficient organization, which this matter calls for.

Every house, shop, etc., where waste paper, rags, and other paper-making stuff is not utilized on the premises might be compelled to place such refuse in bags provided by the local authorities for the purpose, and, not in dustbins or anywhere else. These bags could be collected when full and empty ones left in their place, the contents sold by local authorities, and cash realized credited to reduction of taxes.

At present a great deal of waste paper, etc., goes into the dustbin, and on a windy day, some of it finds its way into the street, instead of the dust cart.

Yours faithfully, W. H. B. GRAHAM.

14, Bramham Gardens, S.W.

## LONDON STATUES.

## To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—It is interesting to note a certain propriety in the disappearance of London statues. First the modern sculptures which decorate the new Gothic building in Parliament Square are shrouded from view, hiding, among other points, the German signature of their artist. Then James II melts bodily away (so like him), and Charles the First, after nearly four years of splendid dignity, disappears, behind sandbagging and casing, into dreadful darkness. On the whole, the queens come off best. Anne still stands by Paul's Cross, suitably unprotected, for who could shelter her mere statue when the greater monument of St. Paul's is left open to injury?—and her charming

little statue in Queen Anne's Gate still keeps its niche, in stately piqued gown. And in the shadow of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, the proudest of all monarchs, chiselled by a contemporary hand, young, curly haired, slim and humorous, looks on at a world in which she never feared King or Emperor, or, as Synge says, "any man of you at all." It would indeed be irrony to sandbag the image of the queen whose advisers complained that in the flesh she ignored the question of personal safety. It prompts one to wonder if the—Ministry for Sandbagging, is it?—possesses an unexpected sense of the fitness of things.

G. J.

## THE HAVES AND THE HAVE-NOTS.

## To the Editor of The SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is interesting to see that my letter, which you were kind enough to publish in your issue of July 15th has drawn a reply from the Hon. Secretary of the Women's Housing Committee Labour Party.

With regard to the expression, "suggestive of lunacy," the word which I attempted to write was "luxury," not "lunacy," and if I failed in this I willingly apologise for my careless writing. If, on the other hand, you, Mr. Editor, considered the latter word the more appropriate, I bow before your superior judgment.

We all want to be housed as well as we can afford, both rich and poor, and to see others the same, but surely, if extravagance is to be indulged in as a sequel to the war, it would be more just to make those who remorselessly prepared for world conquest for forty years, and worked on our unpreparedness towards that end, foot the bill, than the class which more than any other foresaw it, and did their best to avert it? It is possible that the "Have-nots" have not hitherto felt the pecuniary pinch of the £6,000,000 a day, and many, in fact, are become profiteers, but others have felt it, and should not be called upon to make further sacrifices if the money can be got elsewhere.

sacrifices if the money can be got elsewhere.

With regard to the "vacuum cleaner," I merely gave the experience of one who has tried one, and wonder how many of those who demand one have done the same? I am interested to hear of the "cheap substitutes for timber," and hope this may not be convertible into fuel.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY SCARLETT.

## TRUST THE "MIDDLE-MAN"!

## To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—They tell me all round that "this is a bad year for fruit," and I can corroborate it from personal experience in the main; but there are exceptions, and I would quote, by way of example, my famous pear tree, which has stood time out of mind against the sunniest of walls in the pleasantest of gardens, and from which I have levied its annual tribute with superlative punctuality during a series of years. This honest tree, undeterred by the sight of neighbours less consistently prolific in ordinary times, and who have seized the present occasion especially to declare a general strike, has none the less fulfilled its contract, and, in return for my care, has still gratefully rendered the expected quota for "speculation and export."

Armed with the brimming basket, "on a bright morning through leafy lanes," sped the gardener's boy, enjoined to make the best bargain he could for his load at the eminently respectable and not-to-be overlooked-at-any-price stores of Messrs. K.—, Ltd., in the "rising" town near which it is my privilege to reside. Have not Messrs. K.— announced, urbi et orbi, in the local rag, that they are prepared to give the best prices for home-grown fruit and vegetables asserting, with characteristic altruism, that they would "rather sell at a loss than discourage the humble producer or disappoint the hungry customer"? They have done all this; nay more, they have paid on the

nail, in the best of copper currency, a half-penny apiece for the contents of the basket to my boy. Naturally, pleased with the transaction, I took the earliest opportunity myself of visiting the sprightly town, and, with all a father's pride, bent my steps to the up-to-date stores, if, peradventure, I might there behold with my own eyes the crowned result of so fair a venture. Yes, there they were, high piled, and with the sunny kiss still upon their cheeks, the beauties! With well-simulated detachment, I entered and smilingly accosted the benevolent salesman: "And how do you sell your pears?" I said, indicating my offspring.

"Those are fourpence each, Sir."

Does it never occur to these profiteers that they are playing the enemy's game even better than he plays is himself?

Yours, etc., RICHARD NIMPORT.

## MALADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In these days of extensive bureaucracy officials are a large portion of the community and they may not care to be reminded of the "Circumlocution Office," but the ordinary reader for human pleasure which is not devoid of instruction should certainly not forget 'Little Dorrit.' Try Chapter X., "containing the whole science of government," and observe how nearly the methods of the aforesaid office are being followed today. Here are a few extracts:

day. Here are a rew extracts:

"If another Gunpowder Plot had been discovered half-an-hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the Parliament until there had been half a score of boards, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family vault full of ungrammatical correspondence, on the part of the Circumlecution Office."

"It is true that 'How not to do it' was the great study and object of all public departments and professional politicians all round the Circumlocution Office."

When angry spirits attacked the C.O., the noble lord or right honourable gentleman in whose department it was to defend it would be on his legs to tell the attacker that "it would have been more to his honour, more to his credit, more to his good taste, more to his good sense, more to half the dictionary of commonplaces, if he had left the Circumlocution Office alone, and never approached the matter," the result being that the C.O. "was always voted immaculate by an accommodating majority."

The "dictionary of commonplaces" is not necessary now. "Patriotism" and "getting on with the war" suffice. Dickens, further, never imagined—how could he?—the extent and vastness of the C.O.'s of to-day. He thought of one family, the Barnacles, as being dispersed over all the public offices, and holding all sorts of public places. But though every class of person and mind is possibly represented in our C.O.'s of to-day, the official style is rapidly assimilated by all. I will only add one more quotation. When the innocent Arthur Clennam interviews Mr. Tite Barnacle, and starts on a sensible question,

"It being one of the principles of the Circumlocution Office never, on any account whatever, to give a straightforward answer, Mr. Barnacle said, 'Possible'"

What possibilities there are about the C.O.'s of today can be seen in the scandal of the Loch Doon aerodrome and many other futile projects. Have the Circumlocution Offices a conscientious objection to doing work as it should be done and is done in any competent business? If not, how is their wasteful stupidity to be explained?

> Yours faithfully, TAX-PAYER.

## REVIEWS.

## INDIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

## A Guide to Sanchi, By Sir John Marshall, Galcutta, Superintendent Government Printing, India. 3/9.

It is not often that one is tempted to face a learned treatise on Indian Archæology. But a few months ago the present writer took his courage in both hands and read with such pleasure a little book on the Ruins at Hampi, in the Madras Presidency, by A. H. Longhurst, that he determined to keep watch for any similar books in future. One has just been published, 'A Guide to Sanchi,' by Sir John Marshall, Director of Archæology in India. It is even more interesting than Mr. Longhurst's book. Sanchi was known to history as far back as the reign of Asoka, in the 3rd century B.C.; and the Stupas of Sanchi are one of several groups of such monuments situated within a few miles of Bhilsa, in the Bhopal State. The Stupas of Sanchi are of the highest archæological importance. Although Stupas were originally funeral mounds, Buddhists have always used them to mark sacred spots or to enshrine a relic. The great Stupa at Sanchi, with its balustrade, gateways and stone umbrella, is about 2,000 years old, and, but for the reckless damage done by amateur British official excavators and "restorers" in 1822, would still be in a fairly good state of preservation.

On the balustrade may be found inscriptions of the Gupta era, 93 (A.D. 412), recording earlier history, and the decorations of the North Gateway are of great beauty. This gateway bears the names of pious persons who helped to build and adorn the monument, and is carved with scenes and figures, all described and explained by Sir John Marshall. On it are depicted the four great events in the life of the Gautama Buddha, and there is a wealth of detail in designs containing birds, animals and flowers. The author explains the carvings in relation to the life of the Buddha and points out the difference between Gautama and other Bodhisattvas, gently teaching his readers an astonishing amount of Indian archæological history. He devotes an appendix to the life of the Gautama Buddha; this is by no means the least interesting part of the book, which deals also with the other monuments and remains at Sanchi.

Venice drew many of her early eighteenth-century designs for furniture and domestic decoration from China, and Chippendale used the ideas conveyed to England in Venetian mirrors, cabinets, chairs and the foot his chief which the Chippendale used to Chippendale used the Chippendale used to Chippendale used the Chippendale used to tables, for his cabinet work "in the Chinese taste."

About ten years before the war, architects in Hamburg had been introducing into the decoration of their semi-public buildings designs taken from ancient Indian architecture. We ourselves may, perhaps, one day follow a similar course. But India will need another Piranesi to etch, with a giant needle on ele-phantine copper plates, the ruins of India, if we are to have a primer of Indian design to be of any use to us. Small photogravure reproductions of the carvings do not do justice to the subject. The Plate XIII in this book, photo-engraved and printed at the offices of the Survey of India at Calcutta, is an example of how tantalizingly inadequate is the result of the process employed. One notices the use of the honeysuckle Stupa, a proof of artistic inspiration from Greek sources. This, again, opens a fresh train of thought, and, added to the historical information contained in the book as a whole, is an additional reason why all who are anxious to know as much as possible about India and her history should welcome honest work of the kind under review. Sir Johnn Marshall writes with accurate and intimate knowledge, in an easy, flowing style, stepping aside from time to time to explain subsidiary historical facts.

These facts throw light upon the beliefs, customs, hopes and fears of cultivated races of a period at least 500 years before the date when, it is said, Britain was inhabited by savages who fished from coracles, lived in

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mud hovels or caves, and daubed their bodies with woad. Yet those races of India, 500 years before the Christian era, were so advanced in civilization that they produced fine buildings and a philosophy so sublime that not only did the founders of Christianity draw deeply from it, but it is now, under the name of Buddhism, one of the most vital forces of Asia. It is by getting acquainted with these facts that the British public, who, including most members of the House of Commons, know little or nothing of the ethnology of India, or of what is moving the minds of 200 million illiterate peasants, may gradually educate themselves in the problems of Indian administration.

## DEVON AND TRAVEL LORE.

## Small Talk at Wreyland. By Cecil Torr. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS short book is worth a dozen of the silly volumes which now flood the book-market. preserves country lore of the sort that is fast decaying, mingled with travel notes, a few details of scholarship and family history. The ordinary local historian is industrious, but wanting in other ways. Mr. Torr is a scholar who has written on Greek ships and Greek music; he has, too, an excellent sense of humour, an inquiring mind and an observant eye which discovers bishops in difficulties and the fair humanities of old religion on washing days. His book is somewhat disorderly: perhaps its charm is that we never know what is coming next. At his leisure we hope he may revise and enlarge it, giving us, for one thing, more family history and portraits, including his own. Somehow the wrong people are always thrusting their visages upon us, and the right ones too modest to cultivate the

art of Publicity.

We could do with more illustrations of so beautiful a district as Wreyland. Few people are likely to know the name, but more have heard of the region which includes Fingle Bridge, Lustleigh Cleave and the watershed of the Teign. Mr. Torr has the advantage of his father's diary and his grandfather's letters. The latter lived to see his eightieth year, never admitted the pestilential night air into his bedroom, visited the sick without fear of infection, and insisted on keeping open rights of way against "little tyrants." The nurse of his last days discussed his destination for many a year afterwards, ending up after a careful consideration with, "Well, I hope he is in Heaven." These touches of country candour are among the most delightful parts of Mr. Torr's book. Also he will interest folklorists with his child passed through a tree as a cure for rupture, and his means for discovering a witch, not necessarily of the feminine gender. The present writer knew a male one in his youth. Mr. Torr's imported olives did not please the native palate, and the fruit of his arbutus tree was found to be discom-

One afternoon all the strawberries on the strawberry tree were picked and eaten by a boy, who was working in the garden; and they held an Indignation Meeting under the Rotunda. I asked him what the matter was, and he replied: 'Please, zir, my in-

wards be all of a uproar.'
Botanists call the arbutus "unedo"; "I eat one," and no more. Tunny-fish, on the other hand, made Mr. Torr, as he says, a Man of Genius for two hours, after which he dropped to his usual level. He suggests that pickled tunny made the Greeks the cleverest people ever known, but is sceptical about their beauty, after having ridden over a great part of Greece in 1888. The answer surely is that the ancient Greeks are not the same as the modern people of that name. write far from books, but we think that a prominent Mendelian has discovered special reasons for the wonders of Greece at the great period, which, after all, was less than a century. As for modern Greek taste, honey and oil mixed do not sound nice, and we should have been glad of Mr. Torr's views on Greek wine.

"There is nothing to eat in Greece but tough billy-goats, or to drink but spirits of turpentine," said Byron's servant, and we know that turpentine and salt water were both added to wine in classic days. Mr. Torr's criticisms of learned modern scholars are amusing and to the point. They crib references which are wrong, and sometimes add fresh misconceptions. It is human to err, but not many scholars can hope to rival the foreign authority who made Alexander the Great into a distinguished German archæologist of the nineteenth century.

## A HAWARDEN HERO.

#### A Memoir. William G. C. Gladstone. By Viscount Gladstone. Nisbet & Co., Ltd. 5s. net.

T seems a moot point whether memoirs like the one before us had not best have been reserved for private circulation. But the subject of it was, as it were. driven by duty into a public life, nipped thus early and tragically in the bud, so that some such appreciation of a character so sincere and high-minded was, perhaps, Equally inevitable is the political tingers this volume. The grandson of the inevitable. which colours this volume. illustrious statesman, though fearless and independent could not escape the atmosphere of a coterie which enveloped his aspirations almost against his will. He himself confesses that the dread of disappointing expectations indissoluble from his name, delayed that entry into Parliament to which he was destined-from his cradle. He stands a pathetic figure. "Pure as gold, true as steel" in the words of his Eton housemaster, he never, so it seems to us, moved with ease or even complete spontaneity, in his surroundings. hard, nay, painfully, to qualify himself for a career not of choice, but of obligation. And when he fell at barely thirty after a brief experience of the trenches, the singlemindedness and single-heartedness of a life which is quite beyond praise drew with them from party leaders or propagandists an ascription of intellect and even of joie de vivre which we cannot but regard as dispropor-

His uncle has paid the true tribute to a noble simplicity very tenderly and carefully. But it is hard to support the claims made of great gifts and humorous gaiety by the extracts from young Mr. Gladstone's letters. Still less to perceive either in their reflections or descriptions any trace of imaginative power. An extreme conscientiousness, a very lofty standard-moral and spiritual-all manifest, but spirituality and esprit are far from being necessarily allied. The charm of his converse, apart from his example, is known to his immediate circle, but in this book it will not persuade, still less carry away, an ignorant public. really imaginative would depict the Grand Cañyon by enumerations of distances and vegetation, or portray the picturesqueness of Japan as "scenically beautiful." It is no disparagement to say that he lacked the artistic temperament. Whether high-statesmanship without it is possible opens out an interesting argument. Nor can we agree that the close attention paid by him on his happy travels to factors, political or economic, is always He descried in the Burmese an entire disregard of money. But only the other day we heard that an organiser there of border-police was puzzled to discover why a willing recruit whom he had cured of inveterate hiccoughs had deserted him. The man only replied that he had now been taught the secrets of "white magic," and could earn a great deal more by exercising it in his native village than by serving in the force. In the fact noticed by Mr. Gladstone that the Koreans lived meanly in order to avoid dispossession by Government officials, he might surely have gleaned some of the logical consequences of modern radicalism.

Perhaps the best homage to the beauty of his character is paid by his University friend, Mr. Humphrey Paul :-". To a man less modest, less attractive, the unique position to which he was born might have been fatal, leaving him no choice between pomposity and insignificance. But Will Gladstone was not

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pompous and would not have been insignificant without . . . 'the thews that throw the world.' He had a clearness of judgment and a sweetness and generosity of character which made their mark at Oxford, impressed the House of Commons, and would have told on his phlegmatic countrymen as they got to know him. . . People listened when he spoke-not to a public entertainer, but to a young man who had a torch to keep burning and fuel for the flame.

Before Mr. Gladstone became a member for the Kilmarnock Burghs in 1911 he had rehearsed his part with exceptional opportunities. He had acted as a temporary secretary of legation at Washington, and served on Lord Aberdeen's staff in Dublin. Early he made up his mind that his grandfather's Home Rule was imperative, and he insisted on an analogy between the Welsh and the Irish Church. But he would not sanction disendowment save in the case of tithes, and he earned the respect of all parties for his independence, just as he had from the moment of his majority earned the respect and affection of all his tenants.

When the war burst upon the world and shattered shibboleths he at first did not discern that it was a fight not only for honour but existence. He belonged to the Blue Water School and had a horror of conscription. But directly the truth was borne in upon him he responded to the call, trained (he had wished to enlist), went out and died, as it is here phrased: "in the hall of heroes." All honour to his sacrifice and the fragrance of his spirit. If we cannot say "Marcellus eris," at least we can say in the words of "Coningsby"—one of whose characters he might well have been-"He has left us the legacy of heroes, the memory of a great name and the inspiration of a great example."

## IN AID OF FRANCE.

## For Dauntless France. By Laurence Binyon. Hedder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON has accomplished wonders with rather unpromising materials. The story of the help given by our doctors, male and female, our nurses and our ambulance men to the French Army, is a fine one, but it is for the most part impersonal. We read, for example, that, thanks to the energy of the Comité Britannique sitting at No. 9, energy of the Comité Britannique sitting at No. 9, Knightsbridge, military hospitals have been established, with British staffs in them, at Rennes, Dunkirk, and elsewhere. But service regulations, presumably, prevent us from learning the names of the surgeons and nurses, and from getting to know them. Here and there one comes across a picture, as at the Château de Tourlaville, where an ancient building of the time of Henry IV was converted into a hospital, though its dark staircases rendered it unsuitable for the purpose. The French soldiers liked it, we read, because it gave them a soldiers liked it, we read, because it gave them a mental background. In the field, however, as well as behind the lines, it is generally a case of this or that "unit" or "section." What could be done to lend individuality to those baffling terms has been done by Mr. Binyon. We seem to live with Section 17, as it dashes along shell-swept roads, when the Germans were storming Mort Homme; and with Section 14, as it bravely tries to cope with the stream of asphyxiated and wounded, who reel out of the Second Battle

It is clear that, if we were unprepared for war, so were the French, and that they were unready in the vital matters of hospitals and ambulance to a lamentable extent. French surgery has always leant towards conservatism; and when hostilities began, its equipment for bacteriological research and in X-ray appara-tus left much to be desired. There was another cause of inefficiency on which Mr. Binyon discreetly touches. French politicians had thought fit to expel the religious Sisterhoods from the country, and so in the hour of extremity an invaluable source of nursing supply was not forthcoming. Englishwomen promptly filled the gap, and, of course, they took their professional beliefs

and prejudices with them. Mr. Binyon gives a description, one-third amusing, two parts pathetic, of our nurses, trained to an exacting standard and rigorous routine, suddenly thrust into makeshift hospitals, where cleanliness and open windows were unknown. And differences of national temperament cut, of course, both ways; they always do. The French authorities were, at first, no believers in our women surgeons, and starved them of patients, until results showed that they could operate with the best. But these grounds for mutual dissatisfaction soon disappeared under the feeling of comradeship created by the common endurance of the trials and sufferings of warfare. It is a pleasure to read official testimony that the French Flag Nursing Corps were considered assistants of the first class, and the handsome tributes paid by distinguished French generals to our own ambulance men.

All of us believe ourselves to be born organisers, but to mighty few is that faculty granted. The work of the supply depôts in France seems, at any rate, to be in most competent hands. We are introduced to the French War Emergency Fund in Lowndes Square, whence London purchases of hospital necessities are forwarded across the Channel. In unmethodical schemes this would mean the promiscuous dumping of big bales on unknown recipients. Such things have been known to happen, even when our own sacred War Office is the directing genius. But the ladies of the French War Emergency Fund manage otherwise. Their delegates have cars at their disposal; in these they visit all the French hospitals in their disposal; the French hospitals in their region; they interview the various heads of departments and come away with lists of legitimate requirements. Thus a matron who wants blankets will not get pyjamas, and a doctor short of anæsthetics is not swamped by pill-boxes. The can-teens tell the same story. The poilu has no Y.M.C.A. to help him along, so our fellow-countrywomen serve him with hot soup, coffee and cigarettes, and even educate him up to Christmas plum-pudding.

Mr. Binyon's sketches of life in hospital are of necessity sketches mainly of still-life. We read of clean wards through which the lady with the lamp moves from cot to cot; of pain uncomplainingly endured, and of the long hours of convalescence. 'The Day of an Orderly' is full of observation; we are introduced to a little group sitting under a tree consisting of a sallow Corsican from the engine-room of a tramp steamer, a curé from Dijon, and a curio-dealer from Paris. The last had never heard of Shakespeare, and was promptly informed by one of the party that Shakespeare was the "Victor Hugo of England—and the famous author of 'Quo Vadis?'"! But Mr. Binyon infuses plenty of movement into the scenes in which our ambulance men were engaged on evacuation work after the attack on the Hartmannsweilerkopf or bringing down the wounded Chasseurs Alpins from the Vosges, or coping with congested traffic while the Germans were hurling their masses against Verdun. It is interesting to learn that side-cars are often more apt for the purpose than ambulance motors, since they have heavy tyres, low gears, and can move over the steepest and roughest of roads. They can save suffering in a few moments, whereas stretcher-bearers, eight in number, have often to carry a serious case for two or three miles. Mr. Binyon's book is full of information of this kind, nor must we forget the labours of the Society of Friends in replanting and re-building the homes of the victims of German frightfulness. As M. Paul Cambon remarks in a pertinent preface, what gives its value to this vivid description is the feeling that inspires it.

## PARIS.

# Amazing City. By John F. Macdonald. Grant Richards. 8s. 6d. net.

PERUSAL of these cheerful sketches of French life would surely inspire the gloomiest of pessimists with a more hopeful outlook on life. Here is a nation which we have been taught as children to regard as invariably light-hearted and frivolous,

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described to us by a man who knew it intimately and loved it well, and when need arises it shows itself great-hearted and serious, taking up the terrific task with which it was confronted in 1914 with a grim determination that has won the unquestioning sympathy of the world.

Readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW require no introduction to Mr. Macdonald, whose tolerance of the little eccentricities of manner so baffling to the stranger, so significant to the friend, brought home to us the daily life of the Parisian bourgeois with that touch of humour and kindly satire for which his work is distinguished. He knew Paris intimately, not only the Paris of foreigners, but the Paris of Frenchmen. He was as much at home in the streets of La Villette as on the Grands Boulevards, at a family festivity as at a café at l'heure de l'absinthe. He was a master of the art of description. Consider his account of ce bon Burlingham with his light-red beard and gentle green eyes, who when called as witness in the Steinheil trial, wished to address a few words to the court on the way in which the case would have been conducted in America: He had happened to be in fancy-dress the evening of the murder and his black robe and red hair pointed him out as one of the assassins. "I have narrowly escaped the guillotine," were his first words to the judge; and the Court laughed. . . . "This Steinheil affair is not clear," he continued naïvely, and everyone shook with delight. . "Excuses are scarcely enough (after excuses had been offered). should like to say something about the French judicial system." At which, M. de Valles, rapping his papercutter, sternly requested simple, unfortunate Mr. Burlingham to "retire"! But it is his pictures of the French bourgeois that are the most amusing thing in the book. Note the seriousness with which he relates 'The Affair of the Collars,' which convulsed the respectable society of Montparnasse to its foundations, all over a dozen collars which went astray in the wash. Mr. Macdonald makes us feel that the Frenchman takes everything seriously that relates to himself, there are no trifles in his surroundings. The letter he prints from le gros M. Durand, who is going into the country for the holidays with his family, is almost too farcical not to be true: "—what anxiety, what chaos, what despair, in our Paris home! We are distracted, we are in peril of losing our reason, so terrible, so sinister is work of moving to Marie-le-Bois (on the outskirts of Paris, about half-an-hour's railway journey!). packing, the labelling, the ordering of the railway omnibus . . . the emotion of the children, the ferocity of my wife, the deafness of superannuated Amélie-all these miseries have left me as weak as an old cat. You who have travelled will appreciate the agony of the situation. No more can I say, for I hear my wife crying 'Hippolyte, what are you doing? You must be mad to write letters in such a crisis.'' must be mad to write letters in such a crisis. bourgeois father, taking his part in the discomfort of the family exodus, never doubted for one moment that an Englishman who had travelled would understand his despair. Then the singers with harmonium and violin, singing at the street corner the songs they wish to sell. "Buy Love is Always in Season. Only two sous, only two sous! The greatest, the most exquisite valse-song of the day," cries the vocalist, holding up copies of the song. "Buy it at once, and we will sing it all together," many copies are sold, and under the gaslamp everyone joins in, even the apoplectic cabman and the decrepit charwoman.

We have still a long way to travel before the average Englishman will learn to recognise the value of France to the world, the loss of one so well-fitted as our old friend and contributor to interpret it to us is grievous. Nothing is more certain than that, in the days which will follow on the conclusion of this war, many questions will arise, many differences of interest between us and our neighbours needing conciliation, which are likely to be complicated by mutual misunderstanding. It is the task of those who know and love France to minimise this danger, and no one could have served better this aim than John F. Macdonald.

ECONOMICS WITHOUT TEARS.

The Business of Finance. By Hartley Withers. John Murray, 6s. net.

THIS is still another of those publications, from the industrious pen of Mr. Hartley Withers, which will gradually form The Child's Complete Guide to Knowledge about subjects which every real "business man" knows from personal experience. But there are so few genuine "business men" and so many who flatter themselves, and bluff the world into believing they are the genuine thing, though really no more than parasites of the true business man, that there is a call for elementary books of the kind under review. We have parallel books in other walks in life:—Chatt about Chelsea China; The Young Collector's Guide to Faked Reprints; How to Raise Chickens from Ducks' Eggs (for beginners); The Allotment Gardener. They sell—yes, they sell. Still, to readers who have been personally at work in Industry, Finance and Commerce and so on, these books by Mr. Withers provoke that criticism and that smile with which a mother of several healthy youngsters greets the advice of an elderly spinster explaining how the youngest child ought to be fed. To the general public, however, Economics are caviare; and so, for those who need this kind of book, this is just the kind of book they need.

Withers' opinions on our system of political economy must not be taken too seriously. He has not, we presume, had much personal experience in the practice of matters about which he gives lessons; nor per-haps, has he ever spent much time in the rough and tumble of competitive trade. His opinions and homilies seem to be identified with an out-of-date school of economics which has suffered severe setbacks under the test of war. For that reason we should hesitate to accept all of his deductions too literally. For example, prior to the war there was a large section of the British public who took an active part in trying to open the eyes of their fellow countrymen to the dangers of the policy of laissez faire and the inevitable consequences to the safety, as opposed to the wealth, of their country. Yet Mr. Withers says on page 84 that it is truer of England than of America to describe England as a "nation of economic Perhaps that accounts for our economic illiterates. policy in the past two generations, and for the diffculties it landed us in directly war broke out, owing to our neglect of national production. The insistence by certain journals and by certain writers, and self-styled experts in economics, on the paramount advantage of what was known as Free Trade may be an excellent proof in support of Mr. Withers' description of us as a "nation of economic illiterates." But the assertion of our economic illiteracy provides a cap which may very likely fit Mr. Withers' own head. Was he not among those who failed to detect that an attack was being made on our national safety by those who advocated giving prior consideration to national wealth? The book is interesting and written in a lucid style, which is unusual in books on economics. It would be better if some of the sentences were not so long; there is one, on page 216, containing 95 words before a full stop is reached. Like all of Mr. Murray's books, it is well printed with good type, easy for the eye The problems it touches upon are much more interesting than those of auction bridge,—but the basic opinions of the author must never be lost sight of and a liberal margin for error must be provided, for that

## FRENCH HISTORY.

France, Mediaval and Modern. A History by Arthur Hassall, M.A. Oxford: the Clarendon Press. 5s. net.

W E are glad to see a book with Mr. Arthur Hassall's name on the title page. We are, then, sure of good, honest work, accuracy, lucid expression and an interesting subject. Although this book covers the history of France from 481 A.D. down

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to the present war, it was in those chapters which open with Roman Gaul, and then deal with the Merovingians. the Carolingians, the Capetians, the Valois line, and the Hundred Years War, that we found the greatest entertainment. There is no attempt to give a dramatic interest to the facts. The facts are there, set out in an orderly fashion for the use of the student and general reader. To pack so large an amount of in-formation into 300 pages, covering a period of 1,400 years, is not a process which admits of much—if any opportunity for embroidery, especially when the subject is the history of one of the is the history of one of the greatest nations of the mediæval and modern world. The everyday reader will admit to himself that he knows too little of what occurred on the Continent when Clovis (481), Pepin [751], Charlemagne (772) were the chief actors on the stage of politics in Western, and even Central, Europe. He will find much that is fresh to him in the first 100 pages of the book, especially in those chapters which explain the part played by England in the internal history of certain districts of France. He will realize how restricted was his understanding about mediæval Art, Literature, and History until he had taken into account what was happening in France, right down to the Renaissance. This is a history book to be kept near at hand, to be picked up and read at quiet moments and preserved for permanent use as a refermoments and preserved for permanent use as a reference book. The explanatory maps will be found very useful. There seems to be an error on page 45: Charles (1322-8), one of the three sons of Philip (1285-1314), was Charles IV, not Charles X, as stated.

## SNAPSHOTS OF THE SOUL.

# Gestlemen at Arms. By "Conturion." William Heinemann.

THE name of war-books is legion, but few of them have aimed at, still fewer succeeded in, the visualisation of reality. The collection of scenes now before us is very remarkable, for it exhibits the inner springs and feelings of that vast new world which is called the Army and exhibits them with dramatic pathos and humour. It was not, however, before we had perused nearly a hundred pages that we recognised how good and original the presentation could be, for the first third of the book, though always graphic, shows a jerkiness, jocularity, and, sometimes, forced argot both grave and gay, which are distinctly inferior to the remainder. Moreover, the themes as well as the treatment of them are far less striking in their development and unexpected in their issues, so that these preludes frequently give the impression of ill-kippered Kipling. But from the chapter which is headed 'A Day on the Somme' to the close all is interesting and suggestive. The 'Batman'—a story of the Boer War about the dumb loyalty of a soldier-girl; 'The Lost Platoon'—the tragedy of a maddened prisoner; 'The Allies'—the French village love-idyll of a Sergeant-Major; 'The Powers of Darkness'—a vignette of heroism, are specially noticeable. These chapters "deal with every phase of war at home as well as across the water, and they depict the lights and shadows of the regulars-those unconscious Titansas well as the prowess, patience, and ironies (great alike and little) of the Territorials and Kitchener's enchanted Army.

Two episodes which are entitled 'The Husbandmen' mirror truly and strangely the hearts and ways of West-Country field-labourers. There is a grim philosophy about much of it. "Marrying is like dying, osophy about much of it. Marrying is like dying, observes Levi Godbehere to the much-married and veteran "Jarge," "Ye can't escape it, and ye never know what'ull come after it." "Aye, but ye can only die once," said the old man significantly. "True, I takes yer maning, Jarge. Ye've ha' buried dree wives, as we all do know. Ye oughter have dree gold stripes for it.

An understrain of realistic mysticism pervades the whole, none the less mystic for not being mysterious,

and in the last, 'The Faith of the Soldier,' is bodied forth the best confession of the soldiers' creed that we have read :-

> "This man is free from servile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall: Lord of himself though not of lands; And having nothing, yet hath all."

## INCONCLUSIVE.

## The Anchor. By M. T. H. Sadler. Constable. 6s. net.

A LL through the two hundred and seventy odd pages of incoherent dialogue and soliloquy, which, with an occasional incident thrown in as makeweight, comprise this volume, we are harassed by a (possibly unfounded) misgiving that the author intends to convey some meaning which entirely eludes us. The characters, in conformity with an illustrious example, form and express an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects; but nothing, either in the opinions or the manner of expressing them, inclines us to be otherwise than impartially indifferent to them all. The hero, an art critic and journalist of the superior order, belongs almost of necessity to a type less endurable in fiction than in real life. But two redeeming qualities are undoubtedly his; good morals and a love of London. His personal attractions, inherited from a blameless clerical father, make him an object of pursuit to various unprincipled females and the vengeful tactics of one such woman scorned come near to achieving his internment in Germany on the eve of the Great War. The conclusion, however, leaves him hand in hand with the admirable and highly uninteresting lady of his affections, awaiting, we suppose, the separation which since that epoch has befallen so many lovers.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

# The Coming Dawn: A War Anthology in Press and Verse. By Theodora Thompson. Lane. 5s. net.

The Coming Dawn: A War Anthology in Press and Verse. By Theodora Thempses. Lane. 5s. net.

Here we have a collection of the views of politicians, preachers, and thinking men of the day on the meaning of the war and the spiritual lessons to be drawn from it. Literature which approximates to sermons, whether by professionals or laymen, is never so attractive as the poignant single sentence or epigram. Compared with 'The Price of Freedom,' in which Miss Stowell went back to classic models, this anthology lacks distinction in expression. But it affords a good chance of looking at the various styles of the speakers and writers who have found acceptance to-day, from Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George to the fluent rhetoric of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who gets much more attention than Mr. A. C. Benson or Mr. Clutton-Brock. Prof. Gilbert Murray and Mrs. Humphry Ward are well above the average level. Mr. Fielding Hall, too, who supplies two extracts, had a pen of distinction and might have been drawn upon further to displace some journalese. The verse includes two poems by Rupert Brooke, but does not otherwise seem to us notable. Some of the writers already take for granted improvements which are not obvious to us in the national character. Far be it from us to say that they will not come. Our soldiers have given an example to workers at home, but do these latter listen to the moralists? The English, at any rate, it seems to us, have a slow and solid way of working out their own salvation, a way not largely affected by public preachers and teachers, even in an age when Mr. Lloyd George mounts the pulpit of a chapel to preach politics. Gibbon in his great History described the pulpit as "safe and sacred." The twentieth century has discovered its uses as a means of publicity.

Religio Grammatici. By Gilbert Murray. Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.

## Religio Grammatici. By Gilbert Murray. Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.

Religio Grammatici. By Gilbert Murray. Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.

This booklet in paper covers reproduces the presidential address given by Prof. Gilbert Murray to the Classical Association last January. We are glad to have it, for it is an admirable exposition and defence of the scholar's point of view against windy talk about progress and an age in which science is supposed to do everything for humantiy. Classical scholars by their pedantry have brought upon themselves many of the reproaches which the Professor considers and answers, but the world is changing all round, and, if the war has affirmed the importance of science as a means towards efficiency and wholesale destruction, it has also brought to light spiritual needs. The 'Grammata' of the far past were, as the Professor remarks, either charms or else boasts or contrasts; and it is worth remembering that so far as they have any interest for us now it is an interest quite different from that for which people recorded it. Each one of these records is interested in some quality in the record which is different from that for which people recorded it. Each one of these records is "a little soul carrying a corpse," a striking saying which is here

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attributed to Marcus Aurelius, but which belongs really, we think, to Epictetus. But when we come to Aeschylus and Plato, the 'Grammata' make a definite appeal of spirituality and beauty which has not since been surpassed, however much the world has progressed in machines and technical inventions.

"On these lines we see that the scholar's special duty is to turn the written signs in which old poetry or philosophy is now enshrined back into living thought or feeling. He must so understand as to re-live."

Quite so: and we have seen a latter-day philosopher proud of

enshrined back into living thought or feeling. He must so understand as to re-live."

Quite so: and we have seen a latter-day philosopher proud of his independent speculations discovering that they had long since been anticipated by Plato. The objections that all the lore of the past is useless and out of date, and that it has been absorbed by the thought of the present are answered by the Professor in turn. He pleads eloquently for the Traditio, the handing down of the intellectual acquisitions of the human race from one generation to another, and he points out once more what many people fail to realise, that the fountain-head of our present literature and art and feeling is not to be sought among the Gates and Angles. He is not pleading for a dead orthodoxy, and recognises that "progress comes by contradiction," but he knows the vogue of the Philistine and the Sophist, and recognises that the claims of the world to spiritual advance are not so immense as to make us absurd when we rejoice in being the intellectual children of great forefathers. The Professor wishes that "men of science and letters could all be bound by some vow of renunciation or poverty, like monks of the Middle Age." The Professor need not, we think, worry about that. The rewards of the higher learning are, as a rule, sufficiently exiguous. That large and respectable body which is called "The Reading Public" wallows in sentiment, but it has no idea of spending its money on thought.

## Folk-Lore. Vol. XXIX. No. 2. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s. 6d.

Felk-Lore. Vol. XXIX. No. 2. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s. 6d.

The latest number of 'Folk-Lore' contains a criticism by Mr. N. W. Thomas of the views of Dr. Jevons on 'Magic and Religion.' What precisely is meant or implied by either is very difficult to determine, and we think such questions of terminology of secondary importance. The collection of data should be the aim of inquirers. When theories are once formed, facts are unconsciously manipulated to suit them. Mr. Thomas makes some good points, such as that witchcraft existed before the Devil was invented. The Witches' Sabbath is known in West Africa, where there is no question of any deity. Contamination and syncretism complicate inquiry into these problems everywhere. Mr. Thomas comes to the sensible conclusion that "it may be possible to define the content of magic, so that the definition holds good for all areas; but this result cannot be attained by the rough and ready method of the ipse dixit, divorced from serious study of crucial cases."

ready method of the ipse dixit, divorced from serious study of crucial cases."

Quite so: what is good mance or magic for one person may be bad for another. Our own "witch" goes back to wisdom, not evil, and the "witch" we knew of the male sex in rural Oxfordshire was different, indeed, from the ordinary run of the village, but not maleficent, or, at any rate, not proved to be so. Mr. Crooke's study of 'The House in India from the point of view of Sociology and Folklore' is an interesting summary, and full of the kind of lore which ought to be recognised as essential for the rulers of India. We wonder if Mr. Montagu knows anything about Anthropology and Folklore. In India we can see the evolution of the house in a way that is impossible in this country, though we can compare the early form of circular hut with the Round Churches seen at Cambridge and elsewhere. But in India rites and social meetings take place in the open air, and the temple is the abode of the god, not a place for congregational worship. The Oriental saint is often a wandering beggar who may never enter, a house except to avoid the outburst of torrential rain. We remember reading somewhere that the introduction of the European tap has made a considerable difference in Indian life, since the women no longer go to a common source of water the European tap has made a considerable difference in Indian life, since the women no longer go to a common source of water and meet and talk. In the use of stone for architecture India comes long after ancient Greece, and even to-day "the hut roofed with straw or reeds is the normal type of house." Caves in India, as elsewhere, were obviously the earliest houses where they were available, and it is interesting to learn that they are still used by the Pathans of the North-West Frontier. They may not, however, provide the many openings which would make a house draught here, but which are a source of coolness in a different climate. Mr. Crooke remarks significantly that a good brickhouse in a village probably belongs to the money-lender. In Bengal the system of the Joint Family leads to frequent additions to a house in which worship is carried out in common, though each group often has its meals apart. Something of the same kind may be seen in the houses of Robin Hood's Bay, where additions are due to the fact that the local stock of Danish origin prefers to keep to itself.

additions are due to the fact that the local stock of Danish origin prefers to keep to itself.

The discussion of the various superstitions and taboos connected with houses is supported by Western parallels, and many of these customs reveal on examination a practical as well as a supernatural basis. Among the talismans to be seen in the North Indian house is, Mr. Crooke tells us, a figure of Thomas Atkins in truculent attitude. But his dress is out of date, being the red uniform of John Company, and he carries the Brown Bess musket of the eighteenth century.

The 'Collectanea' include a quotation concerning 'War Mascots' of all nations which have been added we gather to the

musket of the eighteenth century.

The 'Collectanea' include a quotation concerning 'War Mascots' of all nations which have been added, we gather, to the Imperial War Museum. The English charms are very varied, and may in some cases represent the taste of an actress rather than the idea of a soldier or sailor. The collection ought to include the little figures which have been brought forward as a means of averting the attention of Big Bertha in Paris. In a year or two they may be forgotten when the occasion for them has, we hope, been put beyond the sphere of practical politics.

The reviews of the number are always worth reading, as they deal frankly with the merits of the books discussed. Mr. Perry's 'Megalithic Culture of Indonesia,' which we noticed recently, is criticised by an old hand, Dr. Sidney Hartland, who insists on the accurate representation of authorities, and says a wise word about assumptions.

## edings of the Classical Association. Vol. XV. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

Proceedings of the Classical Association. Vol. XV. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

This volume contains a number of discussions on public school education and the position of Greek and Latin, which show that teachers of the classics are by no means the hardened conservatives of an outworn regime they are supposed to be. Writers on the subject are far too apt to regard their own experiences in youth as still prevailing to-day. Uniformity of view has still be reached on many important points, and the whole system of higher education is complicated, descending from the Universities to private schools. Steps have at least been taken to secure a Uniform Grammatical Terminology for all languages, and the views of eight educational Associations have Government support. It should no longer be possible for a boy with an exceptional mastery of grammar to miss a great haul of marks because he was not familiar with the meaning of the "wèak" and "strong" aorists in Greek. We cite a case which actually occurred. The subjects for scholarships controlled by headmasters need revision, and there is much to be said for giving awards to boys who have distinguished themselves in English and English grammar. This course is one that commends itself particularly in the Age of Harmsworth.

course is one that commends itself particularly in the Age of Harmsworth.

'Reveille,' edited by John Galsworthy (H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d. net), is the new name for the quarterly 'Recalled to Life,' and is devoted to the disabled soldier and sailor. The list of contributors to this first number included Mr. Max Beerbohm (Sir William Orpen at the front with some German critics), Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Joseph Conrad (a masterly piece of narrative, its conclusion is splendid), Sir J. M. Barrie (a fantasy), the Editor, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, H. M. King Manoel, E. V. Lucas, and a host of other celebrities. It is a periodical to be bought and kept, not to be ordered at the libraries.

The 'Bulletin of the John Rylands Library' (Manchester University Press, 2s.), contains an interesting paper by Dr. Rivers on 'Dreams and Primitive Culture,' in which he points out that many of the characteristics of the dream, as distinguished by Freud, are also predicable of primitive culture. Mr. Perry writes of 'War and Civilisation' in primitive times, with maps showing their gradual spread, and Mr. William Poel contributes a table showing what is proved and what is not proved about Shake-speare's life and work.

The 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for 15th August has an

showing what is proved and what is not proved about Shake-speare's life and work.

The 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' for 15th August, has an account of the French aviation wing in Russia under the Bolsheviks, and an account of the Murman Coast by Admiral Degouv; while the well-known musical critic, M. Bellaigue, writes of Boito. The leading articles in the 'Mercure de France' are by M. Davray, on 'Sir Charles Dilke et la France,' and by M. Duhamel, on 'La Possession du Monde.'

'Synonyms and Antonyms,' by Edith B. Orway (Harrap, 7s. 6d. net), has one advantage over the familiar Roget in that it is more concise. We will not quarrel with its title, though there is only one true synonym in English—begin, commence—but in some of the author's examples the over-lapping of meaning is rather too small. About five thousand leading words are given, and these should include most of those in common use and be suggestive to the ordinary writer. But Roget is still unsurpassed in our estimation. estimation.

estimation.

'The Flying Book,' edited by W. L. Wade, for 1918 (Longmans, 5s. net), is a very comprehensive 'Who's Who' for the Aviation world, and a useful industrial directory. Of course, much of the matter it would otherwise contain may not be printed in wartime, but it contains a surprising amount of information about war aeroplanes, engines, commercial aeronautics, and similar subjects. It is well printed and illustrated, and contains several useful lists.

## LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

A Short Cut to a Splendid Peace (Count Emmanuel Malynski). King. 1s. net.

Beginner's Guide to Latin (Loane). Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net. Lost City (Verses) (Kathleen Montgomery Wallace). Heffer. 1s. net.

Lectures Françaises Phonetiques (Paul Passy). Heffer. 1s. 3d.

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Miss Billie Tuchaud, Her Letters (J. B. Booth). Grant Richards.

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The Freedom of the Seas (Charles Stewart Davidson). Yard & Co. 4s. 2d. net.

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## THE CITY.

In consonance with one of the general recommendations of Lord Colwyn's Committee on bank amalgamations the capital of the London City and Midland Bank will be increased as soon as the absorption of the lordon Joint Stock Bank has been completed. New london Joint Stock Bank has been completed. New shares of a nominal value of £2 10s. each will be dered to shareholders at £5 and the capital of the combined banks will be enlarged from £7,168,840 to about £8,200,000. At the same time the aggregated reserve funds will be raised from £5,668,000 to a sum nughly equivalent to the increased capital, by being redited with the premium on the new shares. The fore will be to increase the London City and Midland's effect will be to increase the London City and Midland's proportion of capital and reserves to deposits from about 4.8 per cent. a year ago to 5.5 per cent. now. In alluding to the relatively small capitals of English banks, Lord Colwyn's Committee naturally did not make any suggestion as to what would be a desirable natio of capital and reserves to deposits, and very few experts woud care to make a definite statement on the point. Certainly a ratio less than 5 per cent. appeared whe rather low, but it must be recognised that deposits are now unduly inflated and there should be a gradual deflation when the war prosperity wanes. It will be realled that Barclay's Bank also adopted the policy of increasing its capital in its arrangements for amalga-mation with the London Provincial and South Western Bank. Presumably other banks will take advantage of favourable opportunities to enlarge their capitals, although, as has been indicated, after the war loans (which go to swell deposits) will tend to decrease and the ratio of capital to deposits will increase.

If the public takes any keen interest in the dye manufacturing industry it must be somewhat bewildered by recent events in connection with the two principal companies engaged in that business in this country. If the industry is to fight foreign competition successfully, there can be no doubt that an amalgamation of British Dyes, Ltd., and Levinsteins is eminently desirable, one reason among many being that internal dissensions in the industry would tend to weaken the British companies and afford opportunities for foreign competitors.
The proposed scheme for amalgamation of the two companies had certain defects, notably the intended capitalisation of goodwill at a high figure; but a more effective bar to the success of the scheme was Dr. Levinstein's refusal to be a party to it unless the board were composed of Lord Moulton as chairman, two nominees of the Board of Trade, Mr. G. P. Norton and Mr. Joseph Turner representing British Dyes, and himself and Sir H. McGowan (of Nobel's Explosives) representing Levinsteins, with a corollary that Mr. James Falconer (the British Dyes chairman) should not be connected with the new company in any capacity. Then came a manifesto from a majority of the British Dyes board recommending that the fusion plan should be scrapped and a community of interests arranged between the two companies on a basis of pooling profits between the two companies on a basis of pooling profits and losses. This suggestion was promptly squelched at the meeting of the British Dyes Co., whereupon Mr. Falconer and five of his colleagues resigned, leaving Mr. Norton and Mr. Turner (who are acceptable to Dr. Levinstein) as the sole directors. Even if this abrupt conclusion of the meeting clears the air, it cannot be regarded with unmixed feelings, seeing that Mr. Falconer is followed into retirement by Dr. M. O. Forster, F.R.S., and several notable representatives of Forster, F.R.S., and several notable representatives of dye-users. Excellent work has been done by both companies during the war, but much remains to be done. Dr. Forster is reported as saying that it would take ten or fifteen years of unremitting labour, extraordinary patience, and what a few years ago would have been regarded as prodigal expenditure on chemists and chemistry before we could hope to reach a position at all approaching that of the Germans before the war in the dye-making industry. From a national standin the dye-making industry. point, therefore, it is imperatively necessary that in-ternal strife in the industry should cease and that the serious business in hand and in view should proceed with celerity and efficiency, not to say, economy.





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### **FORTNIGHTLY** REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1918. CONTENTS:

Obiter Scripta. IX. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L. Kerenski and Kornilofi. I. By E. H. Wilcox. Germany's Ruling Idea. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Education and Economic Success. II. By Fabricius. The Government and the League of Nations. By J. B. Firth. The Luxury Tax. By H. J. Jennings. The Fourth Scandinavian State. To-day and To-morrow in South America. By W. H. Koebel. The English at Verdun. By Félicien Pascal. (Translated by E. Andrews.)

Leadership After the War. By Sir H. E. Morgan. Certain Boys of Meredith. By Rowland Grey. Irish Clan Regiments. By Demetrius C. Boulger. In Venice: A War-Time Idyll. By Sir Sidney Low. History of the War. With Maps.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

## MOTOR NOTES.

The manners of the motor man upon the road have often been the subject of adverse comment. Pedestrians have been eloquent upon the theme. Some have gone so far as to allege that the description once given of certain aboriginals—"Manners, they have none and customs, beastly," would fit the motorist with precision. In this criticism there is more than a tincture of envy. The fact is, there are motorists and motorists, and their manners are like unto themselves, some good, some bad, some indifferent and some quite insufferable. But it is not in human nature, on foot, to discriminate. Even a philosopher has moments when the serenity of his temper and the clarity of his judgment are dis-turbed and one such moment is apt to occur when he finds himself startled almost out of his five wits by the sudden blare of a motor horn as he saunters along on a country road. Having saved his life by flinging himself incontinently into the hedge he emerges into a cloud of dust muttering unfamiliar objurgations. It is out of such incidents, magnified and repeated, like fishermen's yarns, that motoring has got its bad name. One would think to hear some people talk that all motorists were anarchical and homocidal maniacs. In reality such incidents are rare, they have almost faded into a tradition, but, like tradition, they grow with age into monsters and gigantesque shapes. motorist has started a new dynasty of hobgoblins. He is the ware wolf of the countryside. Mothers scare their refractory infants with threats of his coming. Old folk sitting in chimney corners exchange tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes' and of fearsome happenings. The provincial Press decorates the otherwise sombre columns of its police news with stories of measureless speed, of fines imposed and the obiter dicta of magistrates on the evils of fast driving to the imminent danger of His Maiesty's lieges. Thus the nent danger of His Majesty's lieges. Thus the volume of damning evidence grows by what it feeds The motorist is set down as an ogre, an antisocial, inhuman creature, who recks naught of the habitual and long accustomed courtesies of the road

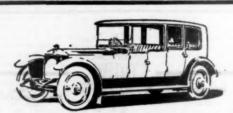
Now I verily believe that nine-tenths of this odium auto-mobilium (your pardon, learned reader, for a phrase whereof the Latinity doth bark so doggily) has no other origin than the type of motor horn hitherto in common use. In sober truth it is an instrument of torture. Like man himself, it is fearfully and wonderfully made. It is the sister of scarecrows and it brother is the burglar alarm. No mad musician of Germany ever invented, for futurist opera or hymn of hate, so raucous a note as that which it utters upon touch of finger and thumb. It bellows its commands more fiercely than a sergeant-major to the rawest of raw recruits. It is full of sound and fury signifying not merely that you are to get out of the way, but, so it appears to the affrighted hearer, that you are to get off the earth. "I classed appraising once," sang Mr. Barrett Browning, "earth's melancholy sounds the well-a-day, the fall of kisses on unanswering clay." If the dear lady had lived in the motor age, she might have finished her classification with the sound of the motor horn as an anti-climax.

Now all this may be altered and must be altered. It is indeed in process of being changed. Already one may hear occasionally a bird-like note, not unmusical and equally effective, among the motor syrens. The Motor man must learn to recognise that he and his car are identified in the public mind. When he speaks with his own voice he would not care to speak like an infuriated fog horn or screech like a ratchet screw. Each motor syren should have a characteristic note,

Each motor syren should have a characteristic note, something reminiscent of the gay tantivy or cheery "Yoiks, tally ho!" of the hunting field, saluting, while it warns, the passer by of its approach.

it warns, the passer by of its approach.

Motorists are not really morose, evil disposed usurpers of the common rights of way. They have been woefully belied and misrepresented by the mechanical voices which an ill-directed ingenuity has bestowed upon them.



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